

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 881.—20 April, 1861.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Correspondence: To Andrew Johnson, Senator from Tennessee,	130
1. An Only Son, <i>Dublin University Magazine,</i>	131
2. Schamyl in Captivity, <i>Chambers's Journal,</i>	152
3. Ocean Telegraphs, <i>Examiner,</i>	155
4. How Dumas wrote "Monte Cristo," <i>Chambers's Journal,</i>	156
5. Recollections of G. P. R. James, <i>Bentley's Miscellany,</i>	159
6. My Adventure in Search of Garibaldi, <i>Once a Week,</i>	162
7. Seasons with the Sea-Horses, <i>Spectator,</i>	167
8. Greatest of all the Plantagenets, <i>Saturday Review,</i>	171
9. Froude's History of England, <i>Dublin University Magazine,</i>	174
10. Life of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, <i>Saturday Review,</i>	188

POETRY.—The World's Last Hope, 192. Jack's Valentine, 192. Now, and Then, 192.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Recreations of a Country Parson, 151. An Angel upon Earth, 154. A new Vegetable Grease, 158. Edgar A. Poe, 158. Slavery as viewed by a Slave, 158. Decimal Weights and Measures, 161. Naval Fashions, 161. Precious objects from Peking, 166. Early Carlylese, 170. Right Use of Books, 170. Early Tipperary Jobs, 170. Dwellings for the Poor, 173. Vulgar Applause, 187. Style, 187. Mr. Bouligny, 187.

NEW BOOKS.

- AUTOBIOGRAPHY, LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS OF MRS. PROZZI (Thrale). Edited with Notes and an introductory account of her Life and Writings. By A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.
- THE SABLE CLOUD: a Southern Tale, with Northern Comments. By the author of "A South-side View of Slavery." Boston: Ticknor and Fields.
- THE NATIONAL CONTROVERSY; or, The Voice of the Fathers upon the State of the Country. By Joseph C. Stiles. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.
- UNION, SLAVERY, SECESSION. A Letter from Governor R. R. Call, of Florida, to John S. Littell, of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Son.
- THE SOUTH: a Letter from a Friend in the North. With special reference to the effect of Disunion upon Slavery. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Son.
- THE FIVE COTTON STATES, AND NEW YORK; or, Remarks upon the Social and Economical Aspects of the Southern Political Crisis.
- THE FLAG OF OUR UNION. An Oration in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. By Robert Patterson Kane, Esq. Pottsville.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VIRGINIA TO THE NORTH.

THUS speaks the sovereign Old Dominion
To Northern States her frank opinion.

FIRST.

MOVE NOT A FINGER: 'tis coercion,
The signal for our prompt dispersion.

SECOND.

WAIT, till I make my full decision,
Be it for union or division.

THIRD.

If I declare my ultimatum,
ACCEPT MY TERMS, as I shall state 'em.

FOURTH.

THEN, I'll remain, while I'm inclined to,
Seceding when I have a mind to.

TO THE HON. ANDREW JOHNSON, SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

The spirit in which most of the speakers in Virginia address the United States, is not unfairly exhibited in the epigrammatic verses, copied above from *The New York Commercial Advertiser*.

How different is the attitude of the States which refused to call conventions! It is said that "the woman who deliberates is lost;" and every State which takes into consideration whether it will revolt or no, stains its own character in some degree. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

The people of the United States wait the progress of events with burning vexation, though willing to "let patience have her perfect work," and confidently trusting to the administration. But we are anxious to be *doing something* ourselves, and can hardly bear entire inaction while the "confederates" are sending their emissaries to propagate treason in the Border States and Territories. To sit still is to allow them to take us at disadvantage. "When bad men conspire, good men should write." Can we not organize a patriot band of brothers all over the country, whose fundamental principle shall be that our national government is one and indestructible, and that secession is only a new name for treason?

How is it that the loyal men of Virginia and some other of the Southern States, speak with bated breath of the revolutionists; and when they would defeat Secession, feel obliged to set up some middle ground instead of the Constitution? All the while they speak in this tone they are drifting away from their duty, and making their hearers familiar with disloyalty. We are mortified at such *contingent* patriotism.

How are we to know how far the virus of Calhounism has penetrated, unless we take some action against it? Let such a band of loyal men as I have suggested be formed in every State, and when they have ascertained their own strength let them call upon the Legislatures thereof, to "put the foot down firmly," proclaiming their adherence to "The Union and the Constitution." When we have thus ascertained what is sound, we can let the unsound go,—and proceed anew with the blessing of God, on our way to peace and renewed strength.

It seems a small thing, and yet it may be that a very great part of the success of the doctrine of "State Sovereignty"—and its descendant, Secession—has been, owing to our not having, *in one word*, a name for the nation like England, France, Spain.

I would propose as a name for the political brotherhood of private men—the title of *Washington Republicans*. Under this banner let us gather loyal men of every former denomination. Republicans, Democrats, Whigs, Union-men; holding no man obliged to give up his opinions upon the points which have formerly divided us; and pledged only to support our country as "one perfect chrysolite" against the men who are endeavoring to break and destroy it.

Your voice in the Senate sounded like a trumpet of defiance to Treason, and it was paralyzed before you! Let us hear it again, brave and faithful Senator! Marshal the patriot hosts, and lead us to the rescue of our insulted nationality!

E. LITTELL.

Living Age Office, Boston, 3 April, 1861.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

AN ONLY SON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN."

CHAPTER I.

"CAPITAL! But it wasn't on a live boy's head, though?"

"What odds if it had been?"

"All the odds in the world, Ned. Funk makes a fellow's hand shake."

"Stop a bit, then, and I'll try again with Tommy Wilmot. Here! Tommy! Tommy!"

But when it was explained to Tommy, the gardener's son, that he was to stand blind-fold whilst Master Locksley shot a bolt at an apple on his head, he manifested an unaccountable repugnance. In vain was he shown two apples spitted in succession by the marksman's skill: in vain was he made acquainted with the story of the gallant Switzer's boy: in vain was an offer made to dispense with the brass ferule on the bolt.

Then bribes were tried, a new sixpence and a bag of marbles. Then came hard words: "he was a muff;" "he was a monkey." Lastly, I am sorry to say, came threats, whereat he threw himself upon his back on the turf, kicking and screaming for "Mammy!"

"Ugh! the little toad!" said both his tormentors, with the most ingenious indignation.

"I have it, though," said the earl, after a pause. "Let's get Mrs. Locksley's big china jar out of the back drawing-room, stick it on a stool with the apple atop. Its no end of funky to shoot at."

It was indeed. Even Ned's recklessness quailed.

"A nice boy you are," quoth his lordship; "risk Tommy Wilmot's life or eyes and funk the crockery! Well!"

This was more than Ned could stand. Indoors he went, and brought out the jar in one hand, a tall stool in the other. On the lid squatted a grinning dragon with a smooth round pate. Thereon a pippin was then craftily poised, and the earl stepped off the distance at which they had been shooting before. Their weapon was a cross-bow, their bolt of wood tipped with a brass ferule.

Ned took aim so steadily that his companion muttered, "He'll do it, now." So,

perhaps, he would, but for a saucy may-fly and a hungry swallow. The may-fly danced right in the line of aim; the swallow darted, snapped at and seized her. The gleam of the bird's glossy back dazzled Ned's eye too late to check the finger on the trigger.

Off went the head of the golden dragon of the dynasty of Ming.

"O Ned, Ned, we've been and done it," was the earl's generous exclamation.

"I've been and done it, not you, Phil!" was Ned's no less generous disclaimer.

"I put you up to it and bullied you into it, so the mischief's mine as much as yours: and that I'll stick to. But talk of sticking, Ned, couldn't we stick the vile brute's head on again?" said Philip, transferring, as we all do sometimes, a share of his annoyance to the victim of his misdeed.

"Perhaps we could," answered the marksman, ruefully. "It's a good job it wasn't Tommy's eye."

"That's the provoking part of it; the obstinate little toad will think he was right to refuse. What are you going for now, Ned?"

"Only the cement bottle in mammy's cupboard."

Very good cement it was; and, soon set hard, the Ming monster showed his grinders as well as ever. The ingenious earl bethought him of some gold shell in Ned's paint-box, and dapping therewith the line of fracture made it almost disappear.

"Repairs neatly done gratis for parties finding their own cement. The jar's as good as ever, Ned, put it away and there's an end of it."

Not so, Ned's uncompromising honesty would not allow it. His father soon after came up the lawn where the boys were still lounging under the cedars. At his approach, Tommy Wilmot, who was hovering about, took to speedy flight. Who could say but some vague charge of complicity might affect and endanger him? The earl, who was peeling a willow wand, was rather startled at hearing Ned begin—

"Papa, dear, I've been and done it again."

"More mischief, Ned?" asked Mr. Locksley, laying his hand upon the curly head, and looking down into the boyish eyes which sought his in perfect confidence.

"Yes. You know mammy's big china

jar. It's a mercy it aint atoms, I can tell you. But I knocked the monster's head off with a cross-bolt."

"Accident or purpose, Ned? That makes all the difference you know."

"Well, I shot at it on purpose, but cut the dragon over by accident," and Ned's look drooped at remembering the wantonness of his exploit.

"I haven't time to hear it out just now, Ned; you must tell me in my study after tea. Lady Cransdale wants you both up at the house. She told me to send you if I came across you; so be off at once."

As they went along, Philip asked of the other,—

"Do you always tell him things straight out that way, Ned?"

"To be sure I do. Don't you tell Lady Cransdale every thing?"

"Well, I do sometimes. Constance does always. But I say, Ned, will there be much row about this vile beast of a griffin?"

"You're hard on the poor griffin, Phil. He didn't ask to be shot at, yet he didn't object, like Tommy."

"Well, but what will your father do to you for breaking him?"

"Not knowing can't say. But if I catch it, it's a case of serve me right. The jar is mammy's and she'd have been monstrous sorry to have it smashed. Holloa! what's that? Your mother and Lady Constance on the walk, with the new pony! Cut along, Phil, and bother the griffin till after tea!"

In two minutes more they were up to the countess and her daughter with a rush and a shout which set the pony plunging.

"Isn't he too spirited, Con?" said Lady Cransdale. "One of the boys had better ride him first."

"Oh, please no, dear mamma. I like spirit in a pony. He's gentle enough with it, I'm sure."

She stepped up to the startled creature, which eyed her with its large, deerlike eyes, and with quivering nostril sniffed at her outstretched hand. Then, as if reassured by her gentleness and fearlessness together, it stood quite still and suffered her to pat its crested neck.

"There now, mamma dear, Selim and I are friends for good and all. Do let me have the saddle on. It's only three o'clock,

and the boys' half holiday; we could have such a canter. Do, there's a dear!"

"Then James must go too. I can't trust you with the boys alone the first time."

Old James, the head groom, touched his hat.

"I'd better ride the old brown hunter, my lady, he's as steady as a house."

No wonder that Lady Constance had both frame and face instinct with grace and beauty, for all she were as yet a wild slip of a girl. For she was daughter to that beautiful and stately mother, whose motherly beauty widowhood had saddened into a sweet serenity owning a special loveliness.

The children ran in at open windows on the ground floor. Lady Cransdale mounted the terrace-steps. There was a marble vase upon the balustrade, with heavy handles. Claspings one of these with both her hands, she leant her cheek upon them, and looked out wistfully, first upon the landscape, then heavenward.

"Ah, Philip dear," she sighed, "I wonder can you see the children now? Do you still halve the care of them with me?"

By and by the trample of skittish hoofs were heard upon the gravel. The boys looked up and bowed to her with chivalrous grace. Lady Constance cried, "See how I have him in hand, mamma!" But she was too prudent to look off Selim's ears as yet. The countess smiled to see them go,—a sweet smile and bright. She stood too high for any of them to have seen that its brightness sparkled through tear-drops.

The precise details of Ned's confessional conference that evening with his father have not been handed down. The penance imposed included, apparently, satisfaction to Tommy Wilmot's injured feelings, for he laid out a bright sixpence next day in "candy-rock" and toffy, and was in possession of a bag of marbles envied by the whole village school.

CHAPTER II.

BARREN of its chief blessedness is the boyhood of him that has no mother. But Edward Locksley's boyhood had been blessed with almost a double mother-love. Lady Cransdale had more than half adopted him to sonship. There was hereditary bond of friendship and esteem between the house of

Cranleigh and the Locksleys. The grandfathers of the two boys who played under the cedars had tightened it. They were brother soldiers in one regiment during the American War of Independence. Either had contracted close obligation to the other for life or liberty in the vicissitudes of that adventurous struggle.

John, Earl of Cransdale, then Viscount Cransmere, left the army before the outbreak of the ensuing great continental wars. His friend, Edward Locksley, followed the profession of arms until the day of Corunna. There he fell, in command of a regiment of Light Infantry, under the eyes of his noble chief, doomed to death on the selfsame day.

His brother soldier did more than a brother's part for his children. Young Robert Locksley, our Edward's father, owed, in great measure, to the earl the completion of his school career, his entrance at the university, and his early admission to a post of confidence and wealth. He had been now for years under the elder lord, and then under his son, the late Earl Philip, manager of the Cransdale estates, intimate counsellor and friend of all at Cransdale Park.

Earl Philip had been a statesman, and had filled important offices abroad.

"I could hardly have gone upon that Indian governorship," he used to say, "if I had not had Locksley to leave here in my place. But with him here, I believe the country gained by my turning absentee."

Robert Locksley made a wise choice when he chose the old rector's daughter, Lucy Burkitt, to his wife. "Meek-hearted Lucy" was her distinctive title in her own family. She was pretty; she was gentle; she was tender; a true helpmeet for him every way. Knowing, for instance, better than he could, all the folk on the estates, among whom she was born and bred. Gently born and gently bred, moreover; for she was county-family, too, and the dames of the loftiest county magnates need not disown her.

"What a comfort," said Lady Hebblethwaite, at the manor-house, Sir Henry's wife, to Mrs. Mapes, of Maperley, "to have the old archdeacon's granddaughter at the Lodge, at Cransdale. The Locksleys, too, were always gentle folk, and the late colonel a distinguished soldier. But I had my fears lest Robert, in his peculiar position, might look us out some vulgar rich woman."

"In his position, dear. How so? The Cransdale agency must be an excellent thing, I fancy."

"Excellent, indeed; but still precarious. Any day a quarrel with the earl, you know, or with the guardians, should a life drop and a minority ensue, eh?"

"Well, to be sure, I never thought of that. And, as you say, a quarrel or a change of dynasty: but Lucy Burkitt is Lucy Locksley now. A dear good little girl she always was, and I had a vast respect for her grandfather, the late archdeacon; and I shall drive over to the Lodge and call on Tuesday."

And Mrs. Mapes, of Maperley, did call. So did Sir Henry and Lady Hebblethwaite. So did the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Ivo and his wife. So did some greater and some lesser personages than these, until the social position of the Locksleys was indisputably and most honorably defined.

Their Edward was born in the same week as Lord Cransdale's heir, and both babies were christened on the same day. The earl, who stood godfather to little Ned, would say, laughingly, that he and Phil were twins, and often brought one on each arm to be nursed as such by his countess. Lady Constance, in the full dignity of some two years' seniority, called them both "ickie baby brothers." She herself had first seen the light in the Government House of an Indian presidency, whence a change of Cabinet at home recalled her parents some months before the birth of Philip. Edward Locksley proved to be an only child, so the earl insisted upon his being playmate with his own children. One governess taught the three at first; later, there was one tutor for the two boys.

"Kate," said the earl, some time before his death, "Kate, let the boys grow up together. Philip will want a brother. Locksley will make a man of his own boy if any father can. And if they grow up as brothers, he will be a kind of father, of course, to poor Phil. You are a woman of women, Katy dear; but a boy wants a man's hold over him."

Her dying husband's wish became to her a sacred law. The Lodge, as the Locksleys' dwelling-place was called, stood not far from the great house, and within the precincts of its park. The boys had rooms

in either, where all things were ordered for them as for brothers of one blood. Their little beds, their bookshelves, their desks, all in duplicate, save in so far as individual character will stamp differences even on the very features of very twins.

But the time was come when both boys must leave home. From father to son, for many generations, all Cranleighs had been Etonians. Catherine, Countess of Cransdale, spite of the desperate hug in which her widowed heart held her boy, was not the woman to let her weakness falter from the manly educational traditions of his race. Philip must go to Eton, and Edward must go with him, of course. The boys were eager to confront the adventures of that new world. Had not each himself, and each the other, to rely upon?

But that eagerness was hard for two mothers' hearts to note. It is not only when prodigals insist on leaving home that parent hearts are wrung; dutiful and loving children wring them sometimes by their cheerful parting smiles. Poor Lady Cransdale! She wished in her secret soul she could detect, in Philip's laughing eyes, a passing trace of that feeling which it was costing herself such heroic effort to conceal. Lucy felt a touch of the same anguish, but between her noble friend and her there was a world of difference. Lady Cransdale had been a happy wife; Lucy was one. Neither, however, would betray to her son the keenness of her inward pang. It was left to Lady Constance to do this. She was indignant at what she thought their heartlessness, and did her best to punish them both for it. She went pricking about with sharp words to find a soft spot of cowardice or of tenderness in either, but with little enough success at first. She racked her brain to think of all the cruelties she had heard or read that big bullies inflicted upon luckless youngsters. But this bugbear startled them not. They were country-bred lads, bold, active, and hardy. Moreover, they declared it would take a strapping big fellow to lick them both together, and they would fight for one another to the death. Lady Constance thought that was likely enough to be sure.

She tried an appeal to Phil's possible fastidiousness.

"You know you're nice enough about

things at home, Philip. How shall you like to boil your big boy's eggs, and bake his toast, and fry his sausages, and, maybe, black his boots."

"Prime!" he retorted, "specially the cooking. You've a taste that way yourself, Con, or had, at least. Don't you remember the row you got into with mademoiselle, for warming veal 'croquettes' on the school-room shovel once!"

"Years ago, when I was a little girl," she said, firing up with the conscious dignity of a lady in her teens. "No Lady-bird nor Lightfoot, nor Selim for you, Phil; not one gallop the whole dreary half! Oh, dear!"

This was an artful and unexpected stroke. It told upon his lordship evidently, whose face lengthened, till Ned came to the rescue with a suggestion of "capital fun in boats."

"Boats, indeed! As if either of you could row a bit. Nice blisters you'll have on both your hands!"

This was a relapse into the Cassandra vein, and was accordingly derided.

"Oh, ah! blisters. Much we should mind them, I suppose. Maybe we didn't blister our hands with pickaxes when we dug out the badger in Cransmere wood."

"Selfish creatures boys are, to be sure!" she said again, after a pause. "Neither of you seem to care a bit for leaving me here all alone. No one to ride with but old James, pounding behind! No one to go fishing with up on the moor. No one to walk with as far as the 'Long Beeches' or over to Cransmere wood, where your badger was."

"Why, Con, you know we shall be very sorry to leave you, and all that, you know: but fellows must go to school. There's Heblethwaite minor, in the 'lower fourth' at Eton, and even young Mapes, from Rugby, conceited monkeys, that try to lord it over us whenever we come across them."

"It's not so strange of Ned, perhaps, not to care for leaving me," she continued, with a slight flush, perhaps indicative of Juniorian resentment after all; "but for you, Phil, my own, own, only brother;" and here her voice began to tremble, and Philip to feel queer again.

"How can you talk of being left alone, Con? Wont there be Mrs. Locksley left and mammy too, whom you pretend sometimes to love much more than I do. As if a fel-

low could help go-go-going to schoo-oo-ool;" he answered with an approach to a downright whimper.

"No, indeed," exclaimed her ladyship, brightening up in view of the adversary's faltering, "but you needn't talk so much about its being 'precious jolly' to go."

"When did you ever hear me call it precious jolly?" demanded luckless Philip, with some asperity.

"After tea, on Monday, before the lights were brought into the library," she replied at once, with that fatal female accuracy in the record of minor events. The reminiscence was too precise to be gainsaid.

"Mrs. Locksley heard it, and felt it too, I could see by her face." Here Ned's valiance began oozing out, and he quietly left the room.

"Yes," she continued, "and so did poor dear mammy too. I saw her face, by the firelight, looking so pale and sad. You might have some feeling, Phil, for her at least."

"O Con, how dare you say that I don't feel for her, my own poor darling mammy!"

As he spoke he heard his mother's footfall close behind him, and turning, the boy's bravery gave way at sight of her. He ran and threw his arms around her with a sob.

Ned, meanwhile went home, whistling, to the Lodge. But Lady Constance's word had pricked his heart also. His father and mother were out and would be back late to tea, the servant said.

"Good thing, too," muttered he, striding up-stairs to his own room; "time for a think, and I want one." Ned's ways were quaint occasionally. He bolted the door, shut the shutters, and lit a pair of candles. Then he took down a slate, and tilting it up upon a Latin dictionary, proceeded to write, as if taking down the data of a problem in arithmetic. "If Philip goes to Eton, but my mother don't like me to go so far from home, why need I?"

Plunging both hands into his curly brown hair, and propping both elbows on the table, he glared at the slate, and thought.

When the tea-bell rang, he washed his hands and face with scrupulous nicety, brushed and combed his tumbled locks, returned the dictionary to its shelf, the slate to its peg, extinguished the candles carefully, and went very deliberately down-stairs.

"I say, pappy dear," he began soon after tea was done, "I've a favor to beg; important too."

"Well, Ned, what is it?"

"I want to go to school at St. Ivo."

"To school at St. Ivo, Ned!" cried his father in amazement, and his mother dropped her knitting to stare at him.

"There's a first-rate master," he said, "at the cathedral school."

"Pray, Ned, who told you that?"

"Oh, I heard the dean say one day, at the Park, that the new man there, Mr. Ryder, had put a new life into the whole concern."

"Well, I believe he's done wonders, but not made an Eton of St. Ivo; eh, Ned?"

"Hardly; but it's a deal cheaper, you know," insinuated artful Edward.

"That's more my look-out than yours, my boy. I wonder what's put this freak in your head?"

Lucy was not so strong of heart, perhaps, as Lady Cransdale; at least, she had not known the cruel need to brace it, which the countess knew so well. The boy's freak flashed a gleam of hope upon her. St. Ivo was not ten miles off: Eton close on two hundred. At St. Ivo she might have weekly, daily sight of Ned, if she were minded. No need for mother lips to thirst so many weary months for kisses. It was a sore temptation.

With an effort to conceal her eagerness, she asked:—

"Should you, then, really like St. Ivo better, Ned?"

He looked her full in the face, and the boy, too, was tempted by the craving tenderness which gleamed in her soft eyes. But his father's look was on him also, full of manful help.

"I didn't quite say that, dear mammy."

"What did you say, then?"

"Only that I wanted, if pappy would allow, to go to the cathedral school."

"You are not afraid of facing so many strangers as at Eton, surely," said his father.

"The more the merrier," he bounced out inadvertently; "I like a jolly lot of fellows!"

He caught the fall upon his mother's countenance, and was acute enough to see that he had betrayed once more to her the feeling which Lady Constance said had hurt her.

Lucy seemed to lose again the clue she thought to hold. The fledgling's wing was not so weak as she had almost hoped. It was ready for a long flight from the nest. She plied her knitting again, part sorrowful, part proud, to note the spirit of her boy. Presently she put the knitting by for good and all. Her head ached a little, and she was going early to bed. Ned ran after her for another parting kiss before she reached her room. It sent her to sleep happy.

"What put this notion of St. Ivo in your head?" asked Mr. Locksley once more, when the boy returned.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather say no more about it," answered Ned, discomfited.

"But if I do?"

"Of course, then, I shall out with it."

"Out with it, then, my boy," said Mr. Locksley.

So he told his father how Lady Constance "went on" at him and Philip about their obdurate cheerfulness in face of approaching departure; and how her ladyship had given them to understand, among other things, that their respective mothers were pining at the prospect.

"Then, to put the question as your mother did herself just now, you wouldn't like St. Ivo better?"

"Oh, my! Better! What? St. Ivo, with thirty fellows in the poky little close, better than Eton with hundreds, and the playing-fields, and the river, and 'Pop,' and Montem, and all that! I should think not just about."

"But if your mother should wish to keep you nearer home, you're ready to give it up?"

He nodded assent.

"You'll have to give up Phil, too, remember. He went go to St. Ivo."

Ned gave a sigh; but said, resolutely, "She's more to me than Phil, or half a dozen. I'll do what she likes, please."

"Well, sleep on it to-night, Ned; we'll talk it over again to-morrow."

Lady Constance, proud of having crushed her brother into contrition, looked anxiously the next day for signs of relenting in Master Ned. Perhaps she wished, perhaps she feared, to know whether, amongst other things, the boy would care a little for leaving her. Some say, to use a dyer's simile, that jealousy must be the mordant to fix any tint

of true love, even be it only sisterly. I fancy that with women it is almost always so—much more invariably than with our less sensitive brotherhood. But Ned gave no sign. His countenance was imperturbable when, in the afternoon, as the ponies came round, his father told him that he must walk home with him, instead of riding with the others. There was a whole catechism of questionings in Lady Constance's eyes as she rode off with Philip; but Ned went, whistling and incurious, with his father.

"Don't, Ned. It worries me," said Mr. Locksley. "I want to have a reasonable talk with you."

"All right, then," and he ceased his whistling.

"One good turn deserves another, doesn't it, my boy?"

"To be sure, and more."

"Why more?"

"Because the first's the first, and done out of mere good-will."

"Right, Ned. Saint John has said it: 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.' Love's nobler than gratitude. The second turn wants multiplying to come up to the first."

"Ah! just about," said Ned, relapsing into a whistle to ease the overcharge of seriousness.

"Don't, boy; but listen."

Trust begets trust, which little else has power to beget. Locksley knew this much of the secret to win a son's heart well. He therefore told his boy far more explicitly than ever yet what were his obligations to the Cransdale family. How he had found a father in the old earl when the Frenchman's bullet had made him fatherless; how his relations with the late lord had but increased the debt. "I say nothing, Ned, of what his widow has ever been to you yourself."

"No need, pappy. No fear I shall forget it."

"Well, now, supposing you had set your heart on staying here at home—"

"Which I haven't, mind," interpolated Ned.

"But if you had, and we into the bargain, but Lady Cransdale wanted a friend for her boy Phil at school?"

"Why, what a father owes, a son owes; I should have to go."

It was a singular saying for a boy. Locks-
turned it over in his mind aloud.

"What a father owes a son owes," eh?
That's not a thought with which my own life
ever set me face to face. But you're right
about it, Ned, quite right."

Then, after a bit, "You needn't speak
again about St. Ivo to your mother."

"Wasn't going to," quoth Edward.

"For better or for worse you go with
Phil to Eton."

"For worse, indeed! You silly pappy!
Floreat Etona!"

And up went Ned's hat, with a whoop,
into the air.

CHAPTER III.

"We shall have a 'tuft' in the class-list,
for a wonder, this term," said a student of
Christ-church to another undergraduate of
that stately house of learning.

"High up?"

"A safe 'second.'"

"What, Royston a safe second?"

"First, perhaps."

"Oh, nonsense about that."

"Will you give me two to one in half-
crowns against him?"

"Willingly."

"Done with you, then."

"Done. But, I say, what makes you risk
your small cash that way? Royston's too
dressy to be cut out for a 'first.'"

"Well, Grymer, who 'coaches' me too,
says he's lots of logic in him for a lord.
And he was a bit of a 'sap' at Eton all
along, they say."

This logical lord, Baron Royston, of Rook-
enham, was a distant kinsman of the Crans-
dale family, and their near neighbor in the
county. He was like Philip, his own son,
as they say; but had lost both parents in
early life. He was undoubtedly of a studi-
ous and thoughtful turn of mind, and had
made the best of Eton and of Oxford. A
parliamentary career was his ambition. The
dressiness wherewith his depreciatory fel-
low-student had reproached him was but an
indication of a certain real indifference to
his personal appearance, combined with a
great horror of slovenliness in any matter.
He happened to employ the best tailor in
town and to have a judicious valet. Their
judgment and his own methodical tidiness
bestowed on him his unexceptionably fine
clothing.

But the student's confidence in Grymer's
"coaching" acumen was not misplaced.
He pocketed his unbelieving friend's half-
crowns, for when the class-list was out,
there stood in the distinguished fore-front,
among the few names in "the first," "Roy-
ston, Dominus de, Ex Aede Christi."

Among all the congratulations which
reached him, none were more grateful than
those which came from his kinswoman, Lady
Cransdale. As a small indication of his
gratitude, he ran down to Eton, took Phil
out for the afternoon and "tipped" him.

"A regular brick is Royston," cried that
young nobleman to Ned, whom he met later,
coming up from "out of bounds."

"Here's something like a tidy tip, look,"
and he unfolded crisp and crackling, a new
bank-note.

"He's been and got a first at Oxford,
Royston has. I know they'll be no end of
glad at home."

But Ned did not seem sympathetic.

"We'll have such a sock," ran on Philip.

"I'll ask all the fellows in the ten-oar, and
all of our cricketing eleven at my dame's.
Come on, Ned. We'll have sausage-rolls,
and raspberry puffs, and champagne! Hoo-
ray!"

Still Ned was apathetic, and excused
himself. He'd a copy of verses to show
up, and must go and grind at them.

"Verses be blowed! I'll tell you what,
Ned; you're always rusty about Royston
now-a-days. I can't conceive what ails you.
It wasn't always so. I think he's an out-
and-outer, and so they do at home, I know."

Ned knew it also. Perhaps "at home"
the expression might have been other.
Countesses and their lady-daughters don't
scatter slang with the graceless ease of their
noble young relatives at Eton. But the sen-
timent was the same; and the sweet breath
of their praise of him was just, perhaps, what
turned to rust upon the true steel of Edward's
feelings. The boys were doing well upon
the whole at Eton. They took their re-
moves in due season regularly, and were
"sent up for good" a satisfactory number
of times. Ned was the steadier reader of
the two; but Philip was very quick-witted,
and held his own. They were never many
places apart in school. They were firm
friends still; indeed, almost as brotherly as
ever. But in the little world of a public

school, it was impossible for the old identity of taste and pursuits to live on unimpaired. Ned cricketed, Phil boated; thus one was thrown among the wet "bobs," one among the "dry." Ned was a careless dresser, Phil followed at humble distance, the sartorial splendors of Lord Royston. Phil's chums were chosen from the rattlepates, Ned's from the more earnest sort in mischief or in better things. Phil's mind was set on a commission in the Guards, Ned—those were not Crimean days, good reader—would hazard a sneer at Windsor campaigners now and then.

Casual circumstances, too, began to hint at the divergence inevitable even between brothers' paths as boyhood closes. Three vacations had been spent asunder. Twice the Cransdales had been on distant visits; once the Locksleys had spent summer holidays from home. That was a memorable period in Edward's history, for it was then that he first made acquaintance with his first-cousin by the mother's side, Keane Burkitt; then also that he first fell in with Colonel Blunt.

Lucy Locksley's eldest brother, James Burkitt, had been some years dead. In his lifetime he had been a solicitor in the flourishing seaport of Freshet. He had been a successful man of business, and had known successes in other ways. For instance, he had won, to his surprise, and some said to her own, the hand of Isabella Keane, the reigning beauty of that watering-place. There was a glitter in that showy young lady's eyes, which might have portended greed and hardness, and a restless temper. She made him, on the whole, however, a better wife than many had expected; but did little towards counteracting by her influence such faults of the same character as existed naturally in her husband, and were fostered by the peculiar temptations of his calling. When he died he left his widow a reasonable provision, partly realized and partly charged upon the profits of the firm. For, of course, as I may almost say, James Burkitt, Esquire, Solicitor, was in partnership. Burkitt and Goring was the firm. A very confidential firm indeed; in whose tin boxes, and more ponderous iron safes, the title-deeds, and wills, and acts of settlement of half the families in Freshet were in safe-keeping, to say nothing of documents

and debentures affecting the interests of its commercial class.

It was stipulated and secured that in due course of time, his son, Keane Burkitt, should, if so inclined, claim a desk in the firm's office, and ultimately assume in its inner sanctum his father's former place of pre-eminence.

Keane Burkitt was not sent to a public school. His widowed mother had not Lady Cransdale's self-sustaining firmness, nor the help from without which Lucy's momentary weakness found. She sent her son as day-boarder to the so-called Academy-House, at Freshet. There he had few of the advantages of a public school education, none of those which strictly domestic training may afford. He had the manifest disadvantage of becoming presently head boy, without the ordeal of a sufficiently powerful antagonism to have made the upward struggle to the post heroic in mind or body. Nevertheless, he had more than average abilities, and in mere intellectual acquirement suffered no great loss by the classical and mathematical curriculum of Academy-House.

When two self-wills, a male and female, are pitted against each other, it is the latter most times which is driven to compass its ends by artifice, and to rule by feigned submission. But in the earlier years of conflict between Keane's temper and his mother's, the rod of power being necessarily in her hand, her son perforce served an apprenticeship to feminine subterfuge and craft. Mother's love, however, will often wax, as son's love wanes. The growing lad grew in his widowed mother's fondness as time went on, and in the natural weakening of her direct authority her fond weakness gathered growth also. Little by little Keane began to feel his way from servitude to tyranny. Yet the outward deference in which he had been schooled sat on his manner still—velvet still gloved the iron grip. A stranger might have thought him a dutiful son, nor would a careless observer, upon longer acquaintance, have thought otherwise. He was now about twenty years of age, senior by a couple of years only to his Cousin Edward. His mother's more judicious advisers spoke of the university, but she could not face the sacrifice of parting with him. He neither could nor would stay on at

school, and manifested no kind of readiness to put on business-harness under Mr. Goring. His mother's persuasions failed to move the dead weight of his inert opposition; an attempt at imperative remonstrance had not only failed, but after such fashion as to make her feel that she had born and bred a despot over her. So Mrs. Burkitt taxed her brain to find some other influence which might be brought to bear upon him. Her kinswoman's husband, Robert Locksley, was a notable man of business. To judge by his success in training his own son and Lord Cransdale, he must have some power for governing or guiding boys. Besides which, Mrs. Burkitt had never been forgetful of the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Locksley were people in a position to make some intimacy between them socially desirable. Occasional letters to Lucy, occasional hampers of fish from Freshet, occasional meetings felicitously contrived, had kept the sense of kinsmanship from dying out. One morning, therefore, shortly before the summer vacation at Eton, Lucy found a letter from her sister-in-law in the Cransdale post-bag.

Mrs. Burkitt deplored the circumstance that their two sons should be growing up apart, and utter strangers to each other. Her Keane had left school for good and all, yet was too young to be expected at once to enter upon the drudgery of office-work. He had earned a holiday. The reverend principal of the Academy-House reported favorably of his attainments. Pupils of that establishment could hardly vie with classical Etonians, yet she should be curious to know how far behind his Cousin Edward her Keane had come from his books at last. He had purchased himself a half-decked boat, a miracle of sailing, the pride of Freshet Bay. He was wild to show his cousin such kind of boating as the Thames at Windsor, could not boast. She herself knew well that a fond mother grudged to lose one week of an only son's holiday. So she wished dear Lucy to come with her boy and visit them. She was well aware of the numerous and important claims upon Mr. Locksley's time; but if at any period of the season he, too, could join them, he would confer upon her a greater favor than even the mere honor and pleasure of his presence. He would, perhaps, understand better than her happy

sister-in-law on how many points the mother of a fatherless boy, just touching manhood, might require the guidance and advice of such a person as himself.

"I shall write and refuse, of course," said Lucy to Robert, handing him the letter across the breakfast-table.

"Why refuse, dear?"

"Because I can't bear going away from you, you know."

"Well, but you've been out of sorts of late, and still look rather pale. Freshet is famous for its bracing air. You'd better go."

"Ned wont like spending the holidays from home, perhaps."

"Wont he? That sailing-boat, and the fishing in the bay, are likely to prove attractions, I should think."

"Ah, but we sha'n't have you, Robert, I am afraid. Ned wont like that any more than I shall, I know."

"But I don't know that you wont, Lucy. We're in want of timber for the new farms out by Cransmere, and there are always Norway ships at Freshet. I might combine a stroke of business with a pleasure-trip. Then there's something in what she says about her boy, poor woman. I think I'll take you down there, and come again, perhaps, to bring you back."

And so the Locksleys, in due time, went on a sea-side trip to Freshet.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sailing-boat was, indeed, a triumph of build and rig. A trimmer and tauter never swam the still waters of Freshet harbor—never skimmed the surf outside in Freshet Bay. Ned was charmed with her. Yet when he read, in dainty golden letters on the stern, the name of "Lady Constance," he frowned—a slight frown only—sharp eyes were wanted to catch its momentary contraction on his forehead. But Cousin Keane's eyes were sharp, and caught it. They saw the lips just tighten, as the brow relaxed, to keep in a question which they would not ask.

"She had none till we knew that you were coming. Then my mother said your mother would like this one; and you too, perhaps."

Keane peered into his cousin's countenance, which at this warning was on its guard and imperturbable. So they stepped on

board the "Lady Constance," whose owner slipped the moorings.

"Can you steer, Ned?"

The Etonian fixed the tiller, smiling.

"All right, then; I'll mind the sheets."

She was covered with white canvas in no time. There was a light breeze and a sunny ripple on the wave; the boys were soon standing out across the bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Locksley, as befitted seniors, paced solemnly the Esplanade, with Mrs. Burkitt. She judiciously dispensed familiar nods or statelier courtesies to numerous acquaintances and friends whom the breeze that cooled the summer evening brought out to enjoy its freshness upon the favorite public walk. By and by they met a tall, thin gentleman, upright of carriage, firm of tread. He wore a single-breasted blue coat, buttoned to the throat, which was encased in a black silk stock. The quick sharp click of his boot-heels as he brought his feet together, and the regulated precision of his bow could scarcely be mistaken.

"Colonel Blunt," said the widow; "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Locksley."

He gave another precise bow to Lucy; and, looking hard into her husband's face, he said,—

"Locksley! Why, bless me, Locksley! A thousand pardons, sir! But your features along with that name seem to come back to me so forcibly. Have I the honor of speaking to a brother officer?"

"No, not exactly," said Robert, good-humoredly; "unless you count for such an ex-lieutenant of the Cransdale Yeomanry."

"Well, excuse me, sir. I thought you hadn't quite the cut of our cloth. But—Locksley—let me see—Locksley? Had you an elder brother or relation in the service, sir, may I make bold to ask?"

"Neither, colonel. But my poor father fell at Corunna. He commanded the Welsh Rangers in the Light Division, all through Sir John Moor's campaign."

"Good heavens, Mr. Locksley! That explains it all; and accounts for the extraordinary impression made at once upon me by your name and face. I carried the colors of the Rangers at sixteen, sir. I stood not twenty paces from your father when he fell. A gallant soldier, sir!"

He held out his hand, which Locksley took with genuine emotion.

"How very delightful! and how very strange!" said Mrs. Burkitt. "I had no notion, colonel, that you had served under Mr. Locksley's father. You must follow up this chance introduction, gentlemen. We dine at seven, colonel, and shall hope to see you at dinner to-morrow at that hour."

"With greatest pleasure, madam."

He shook Locksley once more cordially by the hand, bowed to the ladies, and passed on. His tramp on the curbstone was firm and measured as of a sentry in the Guards. He had served in other than "light divisions" since the day when, at Moor's word, the Rangers turned to bay on Soult.

With military punctuality, his peal on Mrs. Burkitt's door-bell overtook the second stroke of seven on her hall-clock.

The colonel belonged to the old school of soldierly modesty, and was chary of emblazoning achievements on the left breast-flap of his evening coat. But this evening, in honor of his old chief's memory, and in compliment to the presence of his son and grandson, his many-clasped Peninsular medal hung there beside his Companion's badge of the Bath. Colonel Blunt was too courteous a gentleman to pour forth upon the ladies a flood of campaigning stories. He had too much manly reserve to have opened upon his male auditors, unprovoked, the sluices of his recollections. But no sooner had Mrs. Burkitt and Lucy gone up to the drawing-room, and the fresh bottle of claret been uncorked, than Locksley's desire to hear of his father and Ned's more exacting eagerness applied winches and levers to the hatches which penned his memories back. Then came, indeed, a rush and swirl of narrative and anecdote. Good listeners make good talkers; and upon such the veteran had chanced. "We," and "us," and "ours," studded the sentences. Who that has heard such glorious talk would wish it otherwise? If there be a grain of egotism in that soldierly pride of brotherhood in arms, who will be forward to censure it? The brotherliness is such pure gold that it suffers not by the imperceptible alloy. Nay, the amalgam gains its own special qualities—takes sharper character in the die—gives clearer ring upon the counter of conversation. Robert Locksley was profoundly touched by the respectful admiration which breathed so lifelike, after so many years,

in the colonel's reminiscences of his father. It was as if he saw with his own eyes a new growth of laurel spring up over the far-off soldier-grave in Spain. War and weather had so marked and grizzled the man, the civilian scarcely remembered that, after all, the soldier was not by many years his senior. Whereas the soldier, as he talked, was suddenly grown young again—gone back in fancy to his beardless boyhood—to the day when he carried the colors of the famous Rangers under a Locksley, less his comrade than his chief.

"Ned," he would say; "Ned Locksley!" looking wistfully from the Etonian's face to his father's; "the name seems more at home in my ear, boy, than in my mouth. The men who called your grandfather 'Ned Locksley!' were even then 'mine ancients,' as Jack Falstaff hath it. They fell at Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo—generals, some of them, poor fellows! when their names figured in their last 'Gazette.' Some few are going still whom I know better now, such as hook-nosed Napier."

The colonel's talk kindled in Ned's eye a strange light, which the old campaigner noticed though his father did not. As for Cousin Keane, he relished the stories, too; but not quite so much, apparently, as he did the first ripe summer fruit of the dessert.

"Ha, youngster! a sweet tooth for early plums, I see. Puts me in mind of Corporal Chunk of 'ours.'"

"Corporal Chunk! well, that's a queer name, colonel, let's hear about him, pray."

"'Twas in the south of France. Know the country at all, Mr. Locksley? Ah! Well, there are some sandy roads there, and, what's more, choking hot dusty marches along them, as in all southern countries."

The old campaigner mopped his temples, worn bare by the shako, as if the southern sun were actually glaring on them still.

"One sultry evening I had an advanced picket, and, just after sundown, halted and turned the men into a fruit orchard on a grassy sward. That was something like refreshment after a long day's march along a French 'chaussée.' Mr. Locksley, the wine's with you. Corporal Chunk, youngsters, was 'Zummerzetsheere.' What brought him among Welsh Rangers I never could make out. He'd no Celtic liveliness

about him, for certain. A steady soldier, but stupid. Arms were piled—knapsacks off. Some men lay down, wallowing in the soft green grass; some went swarming up into the trees. I took a couple of knapsacks for a pillow, and, stretched on my back, lighted the remnant of a part-smoked cigar. Those were not wasteful times, youngsters; we were saving of our minor luxuries. I think I said it was after dusk. Well, the season was too early for any ripe fruit; but the hard stomachs of our 'light-bobs' took kindly to the stony green plums. As the men rifled the boughs it was pleasant to hear the rustle of the leaves. Presently came the voice of Corporal Chunk, calling to a comrade in another tree.

"'I zaay, Bill! han't Vrench plooms wings?'"

"'Wings, you blockhead! No; not no more nor English uns.'"

"'Doan't 'ee zaay zo, Bill; now, doan't 'ee!' cried the corporal; 'else I've a bin atin' cockchaafers more nor this 'aalf hour!'"

"After that, youngsters," quoth the colonel, "we had better go up to the ladies, if Mr. Locksley don't object."

Up-stairs, the drawing-room windows were wide open—the night wind could scarcely stir the light muslin curtains. There was a little balcony where Edward carried out a chair and sat down, leaning his arms on the rail, his chin on his arms. A broad path of heaving silver, laced with dark shadow-lines, as wavelets rose and fell, led his sight out, across the bay, to sea. Whither led it his thought and fancy? The "Lady Constance" lay at her moorings, right across the silvery track. The voices of father and mother both were audible in the room behind. Once he looked back, and thought his own heart rode at moorings, fast by their love. As he looked out again a long, glassy swell came rolling in from the bay. The fairy craft courtesied with dancing grace as it slipped under her. What a shame to tie that lifelike thing to moorings! Soft as the breeze was, her exquisite canvas would catch every breath, if hoisted. What dreamy delight to sail, and sail away, and yet away, beyond the sight-line, all along that heaving silver!

"Looking for the Skerry, Ned, or sentimentalizing?" broke in, unpleasantly, the voice of Keane.

"The moonlight lies just about in line for

it; but it's so far off one can't always make it out. We must sail over there and have a day's rifle-practice at the gulls."

It was not exactly to the Skerry to shoot gulls that Ned's fancy had been travelling along the shining seaward path; nevertheless he jumped at the notion—literally, off his chair, no less than figuratively. The old colonel's ear had also caught the well-known word.

"What's that about rifles, youngster; can you handle one, pray?"

"O colonel," cried both the boys, "come with us; that would be prime. We're going to the Skerry to shoot gulls."

"What? in that gim-crack boat of Burkitt's. The next major on the purchase-list would chuckle to see me get on board."

"Indeed," exclaimed her indignant owner, "you've no notion what a sea-boat she is. Stands as stiff as the lighthouse under half a gale of wind. You needn't be afraid, colonel. Ask any boatman in the bay."

"Impudent imp! So I needn't be afraid of going to sea in a washing-tub with two monkeys for ship's company. Thank you kindly. But as there's arms on board I think I will go, just to give you two a chance for your lives."

"Hurrah, colonel!" cried the monkeys, tolerant of insult at the prospect of his joining them.

When he did step on board with them, he was concerned to find how little stowage-room there was for his long legs.

"They've worried me many ways, these long legs of mine, and got me taken prisoner once."

"Prisoner! colonel. One would have thought that long legs, if ever of use, would have been useful to keep one out of that scrape."

"Well, I don't know. Little, stumpy legs beat long shanks at running most times. But I didn't get a chance to run."

"Go about, Ned!" cried his cousin. "It's your head you must mind this time, colonel, or the boom will take you overboard."

The tack successfully made, the boys begged for the story.

"'Twas on the retreat from Madrid, in 1812. We had the rear-guard, and were all higgledy-piggledy with the French van. Into villages and out of them, like 'puss in the corner.' One night a party of ours came

on an old fonda. Grand old places some of those, with great vaulted ceilings to the stables and granaries overhead. The owners were gone, and all their goods with them. We ransacked cupboard and corner with no result but fleas, dust, and dead crickets. They had made clean sweep of all but the dirt."

"Luff, Ned, luff a bit," said Keane. "Go on, colonel."

"In despair I went out to rummage the stables. I had known a muleteer in a hurry leave a crust and a garlicky sausage-end in the hay. And even a handful of horsebeans don't come amiss in starvation-soup, youngsters. It was a great big stable—fifty mules might have stood at bait in it; but rack and manger were as bare as cupboard and shelf. I had a bit of lighted candle and went searching along. At the furthestmost upper end of the last trough I came upon a little pile of lentils. It looked so neat and undisturbed that I thought it must have been formed after the general clearance. I looked up and saw a grain or two on the rack-beam. Looked right up to the ceiling and perceived a crack. A lentil dropped. There was, then, a store-room overhead. I climbed up on the rack-beam and went along till I saw a trap-door in the ceiling. 'I'm in luck for once,' thought I. I could reach the trap with my sword-point; so I gave a shove. Open it went and fell back, inside, with a bang. To spring up and into the gaping hole with the candle-end in my teeth was soon done; but as I was in, the candle-end was out. I groped onwards in the dark. I could hear the rats squeak and scamper in amaze; but they were not as amazed as I was at hearing—there was no mistaking it—a French cavalry bugle in the courtyard. To make things worse I felt something give under my left foot. Sure enough; crack went treacherous lath and plaster. I made a blundering attempt to right myself: crack and crash, both heels went through! I was astride upon a cross-beam and both legs dangling down. Vain was the struggle to loose one lanky limb and then the other. There was a fix! Then hoofs clattered, scabbards clanked, spurs jingled underneath. The French Chasseurs were in the stables."

"Beg pardon, colonel, but we must go about again."

Having bobbed under the boom again,

and seated himself to windward, he went on.

"There were only some ten or twelve of them, and the stable was very long. My best hope was they might keep down to the stalls by the door.

"*'Mon sergent,'* quoth a trooper, *'did we catch any of 'em?'*

"*'Catch, indeed! We couldn't boil up a trot between us. Poor Cocotte here has had three handfuls of chopped straw in her stomach since yesterday, and a stone under her shoe since this morning on the Sierra. That's not the way to catch English "Voltigeurs," eh?'*

"*'Geux de pays va. They talk of chateaux in Spain: when I'm "Marèchal Duc de N'importe quoi" I'll take care to build mine out of it.'*

"*'En attendant, François, as thou art only Marèchal des Logis, let's look out for the hay-loft.'*

"*'To my discomfiture they lit a lantern and came upwards.'*

"*'Mille Tonnerres, mon sergent!'* cried François, gaping at the ceiling. *'Here's something now, for example! Here's a pair of legs dangling down like cobwebs.'*

"*'Ah, bah! thou art pleasantng.'*

"*'Pleasantng! To the contrary. Look at the boots and trousers!'*

"*'Drolls of legs!'* cried the sergeant, holding up the light. *'Farcers of legs! Are they live, François?'*

"*'I heard the hilt clang preparatory to 'draw swords'—I wanted neither prick nor scratch—and fell to kicking vigorously.'*

"*'Tiens mon vieux!'* said François. *'They're not only live but lively.'*

"*'Ah ca!'* shouted the sergeant, apostrophizing my nether limbs. *'To whom are you? and what make you there? Allons donc répondez de suite.'*

"*'There was nothing for it but to confess in such French as I might.'*

"*'Tiens c'est un Anglishemanne!'* they roared with loud laughter, and soon were up in the loft with a lantern.

"*'Pardon, mon officer! C'est la chasse aux oignons qui a fait vot' petit malheur!'*

"*'Sure enough, there was a noble string of onions swinging just over the heap of lentils; and a capital stew the Chasseurs made of them that night, I remember.'*

When laughter abated, Ned asked,—

"Were you prisoner long, colonel!"

"Oh, dear, no. One of our flank companions—I told you we were all higgledy-piggledy—burst in upon the fonda just before daybreak. There was no spare nag for me, and Cocotte couldn't carry double; so they left me behind when they scuffled away."

"Keep her a point away from the light-house rock, Ned," said Keane, for the Skerry was full in view, looming large.

The sea-mews had a bad time of it. The colonel, besides his old experience of the rifle, had made fur and feathers fly all round the world, from almost as many species as the cases of the British Museum boast. Ned's accuracy of eye and steadiness of hand had increased since the day when grief came to the dragon of Ming. Keane, like most seaport lads, was a practised enemy of sea-birds. Tired of slaughter, and sharp-set for luncheon, they presently moored the "*Lady Constance*" far out enough to get off at ebb-tide, and hailing a coble sculled by the light-house keeper's boy, got ashore, to the infinite relief of the colonel's legs. The Skerry was throughout a tilted table of chalk—on top, a slanting down of thymy grass, close-cropped by sheep, whose backs, as they grazed, made steep inclines. Shade was not attainable, but the breeze was fresh, though the sun was bright. It was pleasant enough, when the midday meal was done, to lie upon that short, crisp turf, and gaze landward. Day-dreams are dreamy enough, I allow. The shapes that haunt them are vague and ill-defined. The very coast-line of the firm land itself seemed to dance and quiver in haze as Edward looked on it. But indistinctness under broad sunbeams, looking landward, is other than vagueness under weird moonbeams, looking seaward. The sense of the indefinite and of the infinite are not one. The trickeries of the former work not the tender passionate longings of the latter. So Ned turned flat on his back, by and by, gazing into the unfathomable heaven. But a sea-bird came, poising herself on broad, lithe wing, right over him. Her clanging cry seemed fraught with reproach. Ned fancied he could discern a blood-spot on the snow of her downy breast. Would she arraign him of cruelty for the death of her mates under the cliff? "Pshaw, nonsense." He

jumped up; the bird's wings quivered, and she went screaming out to sea. To and fro, musing, he paced some fifty yards; then forgot what had brought him to his feet, and found himself laughing at the remembrance of the colonel's long-legged misadventure.

"I'll go and get another story out of the old campaigner."

He found him stretched at full length, his face towards the ground, his head propped on both hands, his eyes on a little open book. Ned started, for staining the white margin was a rusty spot about the size of the blood-spot on the sea-mew's breast.

"Ha, youngster!" said the colonel, without looking up, "think it odd to find an old soldier poring over a prayer-book, eh?"

"Colonel, what is that stain upon the margin?" was the answer.

"A drop of a brave man's blood, boy," said the colonel.

He turned round, sat up, and sent a solemn, searching look into the lad's countenance. It was also solemn, and he was moved to speak when otherwise he had kept strict silence.

"Sit down, and I'll tell you how I came by it."

Edward sat down.

"It's in Latin, you see," holding the book towards him; "but the name on the fly-leaf"—turning to it—"is in German."

"Gretli Steiner" was written there in a thin-pointed female hand; underneath, in strong, awkward, masculine characters, "Muss oft gelesen seyn," "Must often be read."

"I was on divisional staff, in 1815, at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Late on the latter day, when the French game was up, I went galloping with a message to the Prussians in pursuit. None but the chiefs—and they not always—know at the time the importance of even great victories. Yet, somehow, that evening, as I rode back over the field, thick-strewn with dead and dying, I felt that I had played my little part in one of the great events of history. A desire seized on me to carry some memento from that bloody battle-ground. I dismounted, threw the bridle over my arm, and went picking my way through piteous obstacles. I thought, at first, of taking a cross or medal for a keepsake, but could not bring myself to tear from a defenceless breast what its

brave owner would have defended at cost of life itself. Presently I came upon a group of men and horses overthrown in confusion: corpses of them I mean, of course; three slain lancers of the Polish Guard, and, evidently their slayer with them. You remember I said 'a brave man's blood?'"

He nodded assent.

"His horse had fallen first: perhaps that alone lost him. He had not been killed outright, for he was sitting propped against the poor brute's carcass. By the skull and crossbones on its trappings and his uniform, I knew him for a Death's-head Brunswicker. Poor fellow! he was cold and stiff—his dying grip fast on this little book, open at this very page. He had a wound, among others, on his forehead. This drop must have fallen as he bent over the book. I took it, put it in my sabretasch, mounted, and rode fast away. For days and days I was uneasy, as if I had robbed the dead. I did not once take out or open the little book of prayers. When at last I did, the sentence on the fly-leaf read like an absolution and a pious bequest. 'Must oft be read!' Ay, boy, I have read and read, learnt and repeated these old Latin prayers, till I fancy sometimes some of their spirit has passed into mine. At war, in peace, in camp, at home, I have treasured and carried the dead Brunswicker's book. They shall put it in my shroud with me. I wish I could take it bodily with me into 'kingdom come' to return it to the Brunswicker. Pray God I may meet him there, with 'Gretli,' too, to thank them for the loan of it."

Then uprose the colonel, and whistled "The British Grenadiers." That is not a devotional tune, nor is whistling a good vehicle for church music; nevertheless, Edward Locksley felt as if he listened to a solemn psalm.

"Now, Ned, look alive! Come along, colonel!" cried Keane, from below. "Time to be going aboard."

They descended to the beach. The boy with the coble was there, and his father, too.

"Neap tides this a'ternoon, gen'l'men," holloed the latter, though he stood within a yard of them. He was wont to lose one-half his words, blown down his throat, upon that windy Skerry.

"Boat's aground, seemin'ly: can't'ee wait till't turns again?"

"Not if we're to make Freshet before sundown," said the owner. "What sort of bottom is it?"

"Soft and sandy, master; ye mought pole her out into deep water wi'out harmin' her keel, easily."

"Well, we'll try it, anyhow."

"Send boy back for me, to help shove, if she's very fast, master!"

"Ay, ay," cried Keane, as they put off in the coble.

Fast she was, sure enough. The boy went back, and brought his broad-shouldered sire to assist. Up to the waist in water, he applied the strength of those board shoulders to the bow. A few strains, and a few grunts, walruswise; then she began to slide, ever so little.

"Yeo ho, heave ho!" and off she goes at last.

Keane was in the bows, pole in hand, and one foot on the sprit. A few words passed between him and his helpers, which for the flapping of the sails that the colonel was hoisting were not heard by Ned. He was at the helm again. They were soon out of shoal water, and had all on board ship-shape. Ned called out to his cousin,—

"Did you 'tip' those fellows, Keane?"

"No. Why should I?"

"They took a deal of trouble to get us off."

"Well, why shouldn't they?"

"I don't say they shouldn't; but we should have 'tipped' them."

"Bother them, they'll do well enough."

"That's more than we've done."

"Don't seem to see it," argued Keane.

"The shilling's as well in our pocket as theirs. What's the use of shillings at the Skerry? The sea-mews don't keep shops: ha, ha, ha!"

Keane laughed at his own joke, but the laugh grated on his cousin's ear.

This was but one day of many spent in the colonel's company. He took as kindly to the youngsters as they admiringly to him. Keane said he thought him good fun. Ned secretly resented this off-hand expression. He relished the fun to the full as much as his cousin; but owned, in the very fibre of his heart, that some better thing than fun might be gotten out of the old soldier's company. The colonel would laugh, himself, at camp jokes and anecdotes till his sides seemed in danger of splitting the close-but-

toned military frock. But under the straining cloth, Ned's eye seemed ever to discern the squared edges of the Brunswick's prayer-book. "Old colonel," as the boys might call him, he was hard and hale and active yet. His stories came down to the most modern military times. He was home on a year's furlough from India, where his regiment was likely to remain some time. He would often say that he could bear no longer the slipshod scuffle of promenaders on the Esplanade, that his ear pined for the measured thunder of a regiment's tramp. He declared that the "Gazettes" in the *Times* put him in terror twice a-week, lest he should read his own name amongst unfortunates "shoved upon the major-general's shelf."

"I don't want to lay by just yet, boys. I've neither chick nor child, and can't feel at home but in camp or barrack-yard."

Ned's great delight was to get him upon Indian ground—the only true field for a soldier's energy, as it then appeared.

"Tell you what, colonel, if I take a shilling, I shall take it from John Company sooner than from her gracious majesty."

The old "queen's officer"—king's officer that had been so long—would shake his head at this, and purse up his mouth; nevertheless, Ned's reasonings were not easily gained.

"Take the company's shilling!" cried Keane, contemptuously; "what's the good? India's used up. Nothing but dry sticks come rattling down, now-a-days, for shaking the Pagoda tree. Better stop at home, and feather your nest at Cransdale, Ned, my boy."

"Stop at home I shall," Ned answered, somewhat ruffled; "but as for feathers, I'd sooner have them on my wings than in my nest."

"Well said, youngster," quoth Colonel Blunt.

The vacation drew to a close. The elder Locksley came down again to Freshet, for no timber ships had been there when he first came with his wife and son. Ned had advised him now that two Norwegians had at last appeared. They were at anchor far from the fashionable promenade, opposite a crazy old pier, whence a flight of steps, slippery with tangle, led down to a strip of beach. The shingle had long since disappeared under layers of broken bottles and

fragmentary crockery, lobster claws, and oyster shells, battered tea-kettles and sodden cabbage stumps. Not even daily ebb and flow could clear the melancholy "detritus" away. Thither came Robert Locksley, with his son, to hail the nearest Norwegian for a boat. But, looking downwards, Ned perceived the coble from the Skerry, with her nose on that unsavory strip of sea-beach, and the boy asleep in her.

"Holloa, boy, put ~~us~~ aboard the barque there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the boy, trained by his father, the old coastguardsman, to obey at once a voice of authority; but there was a sulkiness about his deference for all his practical obedience.

"Hold on alongside, we sha'n't be long aboard."

"Ay, ay, sir," with a grumble and a scowl.

But the scowl vanished in a pleasurable grin, and the grumble into the cheeriest of "Thank'ee, sirs," as the coble touched the slimy steps, and Ned handed over three half-crowns.

"You must be flush of money, Ned, to pay such wages for such work. Easy earnings, seven and sixpence for five hundred yards!" his father said.

"Do you remember Tommy Wilmot and the bag of marbles, pappy?"

"Can't say I do. Did you give him seven and sixpence for it?"

"It was a practical discourse of yours on compensation, pappy dear, that little affair of Tommy's. But never mind; it's another man's secret why the boy there got seven and six. Come along."

Away they went, arm in arm, happy father and happy son, trusting and trustworthy in a great matter or in a small.

The next day was to be their last at Freshet. Mr. Locksley and the colonel were both to accompany the ladies in a carriage drive to some ruin on a headland, which Ned had visited, and did not care to see again. He, therefore, and Keane took a farewell cruise. They sailed westward to a rocky islet half way between the mainland and the Skerry. They had both fowling-piece and rifle aboard, though Ned said he would shoot no more at sea-mews. The rock was reached and rounded without adventure. On the return, however, they came across a large, rare, diving-bird. It kept

swimming, ducking, disappearing and re-appearing right in front of them, in the most persevering and tantalizing manner. Ned's vow was against purposeless murder of sea-mews; but the securing of such a specimen could not fall under its provisions. Forbid it science! to say nothing of sport. Ned was as eager as Keane to get a fair shot at it. Bang! and bang! went both barrels at last. But the saucy diver must have witnessed experiments with Eley's patent cartridges before that afternoon, so accurately did it calculate their utmost range, and keep just out of it.

"It's not a bit of use, Ned," said Keane, "shot wont touch him: you must try the rifle."

He took it in hand, and waited with patient, deliberate aim till the bird rose up once more in the water, flapping his finlike wings in a sort of mockery. "Crack!" "No go!" said both boys as, true to his kind, the diver dived.

"You've winged him, though!" cried Keane, breathless with excitement, as the bird, once more on the surface, took to churning the water with piteous flaps.

"Haul a bit on the mainsheet! I'll steer down on him!"

The Lady Constance skimmed the water as if the steersman's eagerness had quickened her very frame. The bird seemed unable to dive again but swam fast away. Not so fast, however, as the Lady Constance, which was soon up with and almost over it. Keane let the rudder go and made a clutch at the bird as it passed under the stern. The Lady Constance broached and fell away. Keane was overboard, with an agonizing cry for help. Born by the seashore, and at home from boyhood on its waves, the lad, like so many of his breeding, could not swim a stroke. The Etonian was more truly amphibious. Coat and shoes were off in a twinkling, lithe as otter or seal, he was in the water to the rescue.

"All right, old fellow! Here you are! Don't catch at me! don't splash so! tread water gently and I'll keep you afloat."

He had him tight by the collar from behind. So far so good. The mischief was, that the current was not strong enough to keep the Lady Constance from drifting before the wind, though strong enough to make pushing Keane against it no joke.

Ned saw the distance increasing with dismay. To save himself was but a sport of swimming; but this widow's only son—to think of losing him! He struck out with steady but desperate force. A great floating rack of sea-weed came happily down the current, plump against the broadside of the boat, and stopped her way a little. Ned had presence of mind to note the slackening, and redoubled efforts. Thus both lads' lives were saved. But when they had hoisted themselves by main force over the gunwale on board again, he was exhausted, and for a few minutes lay on his back.

When he got breath again he sat up and took the tiller-bar in hand.

"Mind the sheets, Keane, haul the jib closer home."

He put the boat's head seaward.

"What on earth are you after, Ned? Let's make for the pier-head quick," said the other dripping lad.

"After the puffin, to be sure," he answered, imperturbably. "A little tauter; that will do."

The bird was once more overtaken, and this time secured in safety. Neither then nor thereafter did one word touching Keane's rescue cross the lips of Ned Locksley, which was characteristic of him. But not one word crossed Keane's lips either, which was also characteristic of him.

CHAPTER V.

It was after Easter the following year. New men were in office. Their first measure of importance had been carried by a narrow majority in the Commons. Upon its reception "in another place" might hang the fate of Government. An animated debate: perhaps a close division, would enliven the decorous monotony of the Upper House. To make matters worse, the noble earl who led for ministers was feverish and in bed. Much would depend upon a very young debater, and still younger official, under secretary to the department which the Bill more immediately affected.

"Nervous thing for Royston," said one junior peer to another coming in from the lobby. "Does he funk it much?"

"I don't know whether he does; but I should think Government did." They looked up at the ladies mustering in force already.

"Any thing worth looking at?" asked

one hereditary legislator, who wore an eye-glass because he really was near-sighted.

"Nothing particular, except the Cransdale girl," quoth his compeer, superciliously.

"Well she is particular. And how well her mother wears."

"Ah! to my mind, she beats Lady Constance hollow."

"Hardly that; but she's a grand type, certainly. There's Royston up now, isn't he? Hear, hear?"

Lord Royston was up, and, luckily for him, without suspicion that the eyes of Lady Cransdale and her daughter were upon him. His opening sentences were firm and self-possessed. He was well on in his speech when, during an interruption on a point of statistics, he first became aware of it. The discovery during an oratorical period might have thrown him off his balance; but having a blue book in hand and a string of figures in mouth to confute his noble interrupter, time was given him to recover before launching out again. His argument was precise and clear, and as he came to the wider political and moral aspects of the measure, enthusiasm roused him to eloquence. Cheers with the chill off, somewhat rare in that senate of patricians, greeted his winding up. When he sat down he had earned a genuine and honorable success. Several distinguished elders came across and shook hands with him. The subsequent debate was lively, but the division favorable. And Lady Constance had been looking on.

Her mother's presence with her was a stronger instance of interest in their young kinsman than even he had dared to reckon upon. Lady Cransdale had not been at a debate since her own dear Philip had spoken on his return from India, those weary widowed years and years ago.

It was happy for such interests of the British Empire as the business of Lord Royston's under-secretaryship might affect that nothing complex or important was on hand next morning. Choice between horns of one dilemma at a time is sufficient for the mind of any budding statesman. And the noble under-secretary was sorely exercised by the momentous question: "Should he call or not upon the Cransdales to thank them for their presence?" To do so might savor of vanity; not to do so, of indifference. It would not do to look ungrateful, nor would

it do better to look like fishing for compliments. As he docketed papers and scrawled signatures mechanically, determination went swinging to and fro. The question ended, as so many do, by settling itself. Riding up through St. James' after office-hours, he met the Cransdale carriage, and the countess beckoned to him.

"Well, Royston, I congratulate you. We were in the House last night."

"Almost to my discomfiture."

"Civil! when we took so much interest in your success."

"True, though. Friends make the worst audience."

"Then why do they go to back a man up and cheer him?"

"Oh, party friends, that's quite another thing. Yet they would be nothing but for party enemies."

"Do you really mean," said Lady Constance, "that you would sooner face enemies than friends?"

"Than some friends, certainly," he answered, flushing to his hat brim.

"But last night," said her mother, "the interest must have been too keen to let you care for individual hearers, friend or foe."

"Keen enough, but there are keener."

He was afraid of his own boldness, and did not dare to look up and sun his triumph in Constance's soft eyes, when her mother assured him that many of the first men in the House had spoken of it in the highest terms.

"Have you heard from Philip?" he asked, to turn off the conversation and escape from its delicious pain.

"Oh, yes! And the boys have whole holiday on Thursday, so I'll have up him and Ned to town. Come and dine with us to meet them."

"Delighted!" said the under-secretary, bringing his spurs, in unadvised ecstasy, so near his spirited horse's flanks that he started off and went plunging up Constitution-hill in wildest fashion.

"Royston's been and done it just about, Ned," cried Philip, bouncing into Locksley's room, the *Times* in one hand, and his mother's letter in the other. Unconsciously merciless, he threw down the newspaper and insisted upon inflicting Lady Cransdale's account of her visit to the House upon his friend.

"I've a scrap of a note from Con, too, and she says it was 'out and out.'"

"I don't believe it," blurted out Ned, beside himself.

"Don't believe what? Not what Con says of Royston's speech? Read it in the *Times*, then, and you'll see 'twas an out and out."

"Perhaps it was, but she never talks slang," said Ned, catching at a means of extricating himself.

"Oh, bother, Ned, we're mighty particular all of a sudden, eh? Anyhow, Constance says she thought it fine and eloquent. And we shall have an opportunity of patting him on the back for it. Mammy says we may go up to town on Thursday."

Close conflict was in Ned's heart, between delight at the thought of seeing Lady Constance, and pain at seeing Lord Royston in her company. Young "grown men" have an irritating way sometimes of making young "ungrown men" feel their distance from their immediate elders; but Lord Royston had never so dealt by Ned. He liked the lad, and respected him; and, in his own undemonstrative way, had shown him that he did. Now, ingratitude was Ned's abhorrence, yet there is a gratitude most ungrateful to him that pays it. He owned obligation, but felt its withes cut to the bone the wrists it bound. For, as my readers have seen long since, the poor lad's heart had yielded to the mastery of that passion which makes boys men—and men, boys. He knew not—how should he?—at what precise period Constance had lost her sisterly character, and stood out robed before his eyes in all the royalties of love; but early jealousy of Royston had long since taught him how to the word "passion" the old Latin meaning clings—how truly it is "a suffering." Yet Lady Constance's manner towards himself was less reserved and more affectionate than towards the other. Ned would exult in this sometimes, and sometimes quail at it. Sometimes his own lifelong intimacy with her would be counted gain, and sometimes loss. They stood upon such different footings that nothing fairly showed her judgment as between them.

"If I, too, were a distant kinsman, or he, too, were the close companion of her childhood, perhaps I might conjecture what she

feels concerning us!" As for Lord Royston's feeling concerning her, spite of his equable demeanor, Ned had with unerring instinct conjectured it by countless subtle tokens. He knew that one name lay hidden in his own heart and in her kinsman's, and the knowledge was his daily disquieting.

It never troubled him that Lady Constance was his elder. For, first, the difference was no great one at the most; and, next, man's conscious manliness carries a consciousness of headship with it which takes little account of difference in age. The feeling takes an ugly shape at times. An urchin in the nursery, who cannot reach up to the father's knee, will class himself with him, and say, "We, men," in full disdain of mother, nurse, and elder sisters. Yet purge it of its arrogance, as fire of love can purge it purest, and the feeling is manly and worthy of a man. Younger men are wont to set their heart on older, older men on younger, women than themselves. Experience of life has not yet shown me that the older man's is always, or often, the truest ideal of what is love-worthy in woman. But, in truth, it did trouble Ned right sore that the man whose rivalry he had divined should be his elder. Such a lady's wooers must prove their worth, and Royston was proving his worthily; that could not be denied. Royston's were a man's efforts and a man's successes; his own, mere schoolboy struggles, and their meed a schoolboy's prize. His thought was ever fretting at the contrast—ever fretting, and ever devising how best to burst upon a sudden the boundary, which fences boyhood off from man's estate. Oh, for one single day of battle! That would alter all! A beardless ensign carries the flaunting silk into the storm of bullets, and comes out a veteran, with the torn flag in his hand. The countless deaths that have resulted have aged him in honor and esteem. There be days of fight which count for years of service, not in the army-list alone, but in the common account of men's opinion. No soldiering was afoot in Europe; but India was a frequent field of battle. One day of Hindostan might put a badge of manhood on his breast at which old men should bow.

Such were the floating fancies in his mind, which a few chance words were soon to fix. There was no party at the Crans-

dales on the Thursday; only another cousin besides Royston, one Katey Kilmore, god-child and namesake of the countess. Of course, then, the under-secretary gave his arm to Lady Cransdale; Philip his to Cousin Katey; Ned his, with tremor of delight, to Constance. Poor boy! the dainty white hand on his arm, the hand which had clasped his a thousand times in careless, childish play, now sent a thrill to his heart's core at every touch.

"Phil tells me, Lady Constance, you went to the debate."

He could not keep himself from speaking of what it vexed him sore to think of.

What a strange contrast between "Phil," the old familiar word, and that formal "Lady Constance." Once it had been "Con," and "Phil," and "Ned," at all times; but an awe was creeping over him against which the oldest intimacy could not prevail. She did not seem to notice it.

"Oh, yes; and I liked it wonderfully. I wish it had been in the Commons though."

That was well; it was not all for Royston's sake she had enjoyed it.

"Why rather in the Commons!"

"Because of the more lively stir and action, to be sure. Great questions are decided there, nine times out of ten. Royston says he wishes his seat were in that House."

This dashed the cup of comfort from his lips, all the more cruelly that the young lord turned at hearing his own name, and looked his pleasure at her giving weight to words of his.

It cost Ned something to continue.

"So you like stir and action?"

"To be sure I do; don't you?"

"What do you think of soldiering then, Lady Constance?" he next asked, nerving himself as a gambler against his nervousness by calling a higher stake.

"Come, Con," cried her brother, overhearing this, though Ned had not spoken loud, "say your say about soldiering, then we'll have Katey's."

"I don't care for red coats and gold epaulettes, Phil, anyhow; and bearskins are my bogies."

"You're a muff, Con," he retorted. "Now, Katey, what say you?"

She had one brother in the "Coldstream," and one hoping for the "Fusiliers," so she cried, "The Guards forever! Phil."

"Bravo, Katey; you shall be vivandière to our battalion."

Whilst they were laughing at their own fun, Ned said very gravely and quietly to Constance, "Of course I didn't mean the Guards, they only play at soldiers now-a-days; but real soldiering in camps and colonies; what do you think of that?"

"Better, at all events; but all soldiering is dangling idle work in time of peace."

"Not everywhere. Not in India for instance."

"India, I grant you; that is a field for a man's career. It should be mine if I were one. Soldier, statesman, missionary—there are endless roads to greatness there."

She wondered, as she looked at him, what the rush of blood to his forehead should mean—what the blaze that kindled in his eyes.

"Since when have you thought over Indian careers, pray?"

"Since when have I not, Ned? Have you forgotten that I am a Hindoo girl myself—that dearest pappy's official greatness was all Indian? I have read all his despatches that are in print, and some in manuscript besides, and every book of Indian travel or adventure I can lay my hands upon."

"How strange of me to have forgotten it?" said Ned.

Thereupon he fell into dead silence. She wondered all the more at him. She little knew her sweet lips had spoken doom of exile against a playmate from the cradle. Her wonder did not outlive the day; but thenceforth dated a new manner of intercourse between herself and Ned. Down at Cransdale in the midsummer holidays, under the cedars at noontide, on horseback in the long soft evenings, they would hold continuous and grave conversations. Phil voted them prodigious bores. "A talk with you two is about as lively as an hour up to Hawtrey in Thucydides. I wish I'd Katey Kilmore to run wild a bit upon the moor with me."

Boys on their way to manhood will pass through certain heroic moods, such as more callous—shall I say trivial?—elders mock at. Silly scorn! The tone and color of the finished life-picture may recall but faintly, by and by, the prismatic hues of the first "study" for it; the grouping may

be strangely varied, the firmest outlines show "repentings," yet each worthiest work must needs retain indelible impress of that first conception.

"Heroic moods, indeed!" say some. "Walking on stilts, you mean: the lad's best friend is he that soonest brings him to his legs again." "Not if he break them in the breaking down," I say. And I would rather, when the stilts are dropped, see the boy stride, or even strut, than lounge and shuffle.

Scorn boy-heroics or not, good reader, you will agree with me that since a female figure must needs haunt them, it is huge advantage to the man that shall be when its proportions of worth and beauty are truly just and noble—are genuine realities, not figments of his fancy. Come of his green passion what may, 'tis well for him that she who kindles it be one for whose love "a world" were indeed "well lost." And such was Lady Constance. She was nearly twenty now; her girlish grace and freshness not worn off, but ripening into womanly glories. Two seasons' experience of the great London world had left her untainted, but not undisciplined. Her conversation fed and sustained the loftiest of the lad's aspirations. Had he but counted her as truly sister as she held him brother, all had been well, and this fresh intimacy had proved to him an unalloyed advantage. As it was now, the very mind was saturated with the sweet poison wherewith the heart was sick. But he put strong constraint upon himself, and hid this from her. That would have been perhaps impossible could she but once have gained a sight of him at distance, so to speak. However, she suspected nothing. He stood as he had always stood—too near.

Those were blissful holidays. No Royston was there to be a fly in amber. His very triumph had brought him tribulation. His department had to undergo remodelling in virtue of the very Bill that he had helped to pass, and he was chained to his under-secretary's desk. School-days were over, too, for good and all. Neither Phil nor Ned was to return next half to Eton. The former expected his commission daily, the latter was entered at Christ-church. That troubled him, however, so there was a fly in his amber after all. His repugnance against any but a soldier's career grew daily, yet he had

not imparted it to his father—a second cause of inward disquiet.

His reserve on this one point was foreign to all their life-long relation to one another, a new growth, not rooted in any strange undutifulness or new mistrust; but only in excessive tenderness and lingering self-devotion. He must not follow the promptings of a dream, pushing him out of the beaten track of duty. How could an Indian soldier—gone in quest of name and fame to find both or neither, perhaps on a field of death—play an only son's part to such dear parents in their quiet English home? What vexed him most in brooding on his love for Lady Constance was this double-facedness. Sometimes it seemed the essence of unselfishness, it won him so far out of his inner self; sometimes it seemed a selfishness in quiescence, so utterly did it seduce him into forgetfulness of them. And when either parent spake, as parents will, of that coming Oxford life to which he could not feel heartily resigned, he hated the half-hypocrisy which shut his lips or opened them with words of little meaning.

Robert Locksley took little if any notice

of such symptoms of inner conflict as might sometimes have been perceptible in the outward bearing of his son; nor would perception of them have set him on conjecture. Ned's confidence was certain to be given him in good time; no fear of that. But meek-hearted Lucy had more misgivings: meek hearts look out at clear eyes oftentimes. She would not question, she could hardly bear to watch him, and indicate or even entertain suspicion thus against his trust in her. But it is hard to keep a mother's hungry watchfulness of love from off her only one. Following with delicate acuteness the boy's dreamiest glances, her own glance found itself carried, more than once, into a corner of the sitting-room, where the grandfather's sword hung. The blue steel seemed to pierce her own heart then. She thought of last year at Freshet, how quick and close an intimacy had sprung up between her son and the old soldier, how Ned had relished his campaigning stories, grave or gay. But she could hardly bring herself to accept that interpretation of her boy's unrest. His will had ever been too steadfast, his very fancy too self-controlled to be moved lightly to some novel scheme of life.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

WE are not at all surprised at the success of these essays. They are rambling, and diffusive, and now and then a little tedious, but they present in many ways a very favorable contrast to much of the periodical writing of the day. In the first place, they are the writing of a man who has thoughts of his own and communicates them to his readers. They are not written to order. It is evident that the writer has selected subjects which have a natural interest for him; and fortunately these subjects are of a kind that interest also most cultivated persons. He has an earnest, unaffected interest in human life, in natural scenery, in literature, and this gives a force and a charm to what he says about them, even when it is not new or remarkable. Then the mind of the writer is sufficiently "strung" and sufficiently refined to prevent his candid, comprehensive, unreserved discourse from degenerating into flippancy and impertinence on the one hand, or into twaddle on the other. The dying out of the old familiar "essay" like

Lamb's or Hazlitt's, or Leigh Hunt's, is sometimes spoken of as a mere change of fashion in literature; but we believe the fact to be that such essays would be as popular now as ever, if only the proper sort of man could be got to write them. The success of these before us, inferior as they are (and we are sure the writer would be the first to admit it) to any of those just named, goes far to prove this. There is a very large class of people who like to read about "Growing Old" or "The Worries of Life" better than *Iron-Plated Vessels* or the prospects of the Rebellion in China; but they must have familiar themes treated by the right sort of persons. They will not stand "cockney clatter" about them; or the inflated eloquence of boys; or the maundering of well-intentioned but weak old gentlemen. The essayist must be, at least, a man of more than average thoughtfulness, of good education, and good taste, and the deserved success of these pleasant essays shows how welcome to a considerable section of the reading public these by no means exorbitant qualifications prove, when brought to bear upon familiar subjects of perennial interest.—*Economist*.

From Chambers's Journal.
SCHAMYL IN CAPTIVITY.

IN the struggle of Russia to subdue the Caucasus, Schamyl Imam was the last of the powerful free chiefs who held out. Prince Dadian, the prince of Abhasia, and one or two others, may indeed preserve their shadow rank, but they are in reality only splendid vassals of the czar. The embers of war may still be here and there smouldering sulkily, as among the Shapsoughs; but the flame which only a few months ago burned so fiercely is extinguished; and when Schamyl at last laid down his arms, the long, hopeless struggle of the warlike tribes who acknowledged him as their chief was felt to be ended.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the personal importance which attached to Schamyl was in the first instance attributable to the ignorance of his enemies. A man perhaps of very little previous account among his tribe is often at once raised to supreme power when messengers from a victorious general are sent to treat with him. But the priestly soldier whose wars have just closed so gallantly was no drivelling marabout or fanatic dervish. Though it is difficult to see clearly through the thick haze which shrouds political events among the wild mountains and defiles of the Caucasus, we know enough to excite our interest, and even our respect for him. By paths unknown to European ambition; by dauntless courage, an austere simplicity, rare self-denial, great firmness of purpose, and promptitude in action; by some intrigues, and some cruelties, he raised himself from the humble rank of groom to the Imam Kasy Moullah, to a position of unexampled authority among his countrymen; and he was even believed to possess that saintly character which is usually ascribed by the populace to the possession of supreme power in the east.

A touching and romantic incident made us first acquainted with his personal appearance and manner of life when at home among his mountains. It is a story of as chivalrous an act as that said to have passed between Richard the Lion-hearted and Salaheddin in the time of the third Crusade: a tale of generous enmity on one side, and noble trust upon the other. Many years ago, the Imam's eldest son, Djemmal Eddin, was taken prisoner by the Russians. His

mother, Patimate, died of grief for his loss; but the boy was carefully educated by the late czar, and loaded with favors. He grew up with all the ideas of a Russian noble and a courtier. But at last his father obtained his exchange for the Princesses Orbeliani and Tchawchawadzé, whose romantic imprisonment at Veden made so much noise. The young man returned to his native mountains, but soon sickened there. He fell into a state of hypochondria, which puzzled all the medicine-men and charm-chanters; so at last Schamyl sent a messenger to ask aid of the Russians. Colonel the Prince Myrsky was fortunate enough to receive this knightly request, and to his undying honor, immediately despatched Dr. Petroffsky, the best surgeon of his regiment, to the young man's aid; but in vain.

According to the most trustworthy information obtainable, Schamyl is now probably about sixty years of age, though he himself not knowing exactly, this is mere conjecture. He does not look more than forty. He is tall in stature. His countenance is soft, calm, imposing. Its principal characteristic is melancholy; but when the muscles of the face contract, it expresses great energy. His complexion is pale, his eyebrows strongly marked; his eyes are of a dark gray, and usually half shut, like those of a lion reposing. His beard is dyed a reddish brown by henna, and very carefully kept; his mouth is good; lips red; teeth small, even, white, and pointed; his hands small, white, and scrupulously attended to. His walk is slow and grave. He looks like a hero.

When at Veden, his ordinary costume was a Lesguian tunic, white or green; a high-pointed cap of sheep-skin, white as snow, round which was wound a turban of white muslin, the ends falling behind. The point of the cap was in red cloth, with a black tassel. Embroidered gaiters, and boots of yellow or red leather, covered his legs and feet. On Fridays, when he went to the mosque, he wore a long white or green robe over his ordinary dress; and in winter, a crimson pelisse, lined with black lamb-skin, protected him from the cold. In war time, his arms were a sword, a dagger, a pair of pistols, and a gun. Two attendants also rode beside him, each carrying another pair of pistols and a gun for the Imam's use. This post was looked upon as one of high

honor
of the
mediat
to be
horsed
and fle
The
to the
lence.
ness.
sagaci
cold i
when
no titl
Thou'
absten
was fl
rarely
every
where
earth
suprer
cessity
Scham
money
used
obeyed
would
A Ta
lived v
marrin
had h
made
woma
did ex
curios
marsh
the C
Sch
Patim
pudia
He a
disting
husba
Fro
—this
most
made
of the
His e
or pri
howev
at las
deem
thoug

honor among the mountaineers; and if one of these attendants was killed, another immediately replaced him. Schamyl was said to be the best horseman among a race of horsemen, and his horses were the strongest and fleetest which could be procured.

The qualities of the Imam's mind belong to the very highest kind of Asiatic excellence. He prided himself upon his truthfulness. He was sparing of words, patient, sagacious, clear-sighted, politic, charitable; cold in his bearing, but tender-hearted, when his affections were roused. He used no titles, but gave and took the "Thee and Thou" with the simplest peasant. He was abstemious, and always ate alone. His food was flour, milk, fruit, rice, honey, tea; he rarely touched meat. He tried to suppress every kind of luxury; and his influence, where that of the greatest potentates of the earth have been proved powerless, was still supreme. Smoking was long as much a necessity to the Circassian as to the Turk; but Schamyl forbade it, and ordered that the money hitherto spent in tobacco should be used to purchase gunpowder. He was obeyed. His morals were pure, and he would not tolerate any weakness in others. A Tartar woman, a widow, and childless, lived with a Lesguian who had promised her marriage. She became pregnant. Schamyl had her interrogated, and the truth being made clear, he cut off the heads both of the woman and her paramour. The axe which did execution on this occasion is kept as a curiosity, and is in possession of Field-marshal the Prince Bariatinsky, viceroy of the Caucasus.

Schamyl had four wives; but of these Patimate died in 1839, and another he repudiated, because she bore him no children. He allowed his wives no mark of rank or distinction. He was a master rather than a husband.

From 1834 to 1859—for twenty-five years—this mountain-chief waged war with the most distinguished captains of Russia, and made the country over which he ruled one of the sternest military schools in the world. His enmity was one which no defeats, losses, or privations could diminish, which no offers, however splendid, could lull to sleep. Till at last, chased from one fastness, hitherto deemed impregnable, to another fondly thought more inaccessible still, he looked

his farewell at hope from the heights of Ghounib, and surrendered, to save the lives of a mere handful of devoted followers, whom misfortune and disaster had left still true to him. Happily, even warfare has long ceased to be wantonly cruel or vindictive. The captive Imam has been allotted an ample pension and a residence in the town of Kalouga.

Kalouga pleased Schamyl, on account of the woods, hills, and ravines, which remind him of the Caucasus. The house hired for him has three stories. He has kept the upper story for himself, given the middle story to one of his sons, and the lower to another. Of the six rooms on the upper story, four are occupied by his daughters, who live with him—that is, two rooms are occupied by each young lady. These six rooms are very simply furnished with large sofas or divans, and are not ornamented with a single picture or even a looking-glass. The Imam's private room, serves as study, oratory, and bedroom. A large divan, an arm-chair, a writing-desk, a card-table, a book-stand, a basin, and a cushion to kneel on at prayer-time, complete its furniture. The middle story, destined for Rasy Mahomet and his wife Kerimate, who is said to be very beautiful, is adorned with glasses, draperies, carpets, and bronzes; its mistress has not yet arrived, but Schamyl has reclaimed Prince Bariatinsky's intercession to obtain permission for her to join her husband. On his arrival at Kalouga, Schamyl visited some of the authorities, conversed much with the archbishop, interested himself in the daily details of the life of Russian soldiers, and visited with much attention the barracks of the regiment in garrisons. The contact of this son of nature, endowed with a vast and lucid mind, kept in check only by native superstition, with our artificial life, is very interesting, as are also his patriarchal manners, and his curious sympathies and antipathies. Strange to all things, knowing nothing of the circumstances which surround him, he shows much tact in his actions; and the words he addressed to M. Rounovsky (to whom we are indebted for some of these particulars), when that officer was entering on his functions, are curiously illustrative of the tone of his mind. "When," said the Imam, "it pleases God to make a child an orphan, to replace its mother is given to it a nurse, who ought to

feed, dress, wash, and keep it from harm. If the child remains in good health, gay, clean, and happy, every one praises the nurse: it is said the nurse does her duty, and loves the child. But if the orphan is ailing, dirty, slovenly, it is not the child we blame, but the nurse who has neglected it, left it untaught, and who does not love it. I am an old man; but I am a stranger here. I understand neither your language nor your customs; and so I fancy that I am no longer the old man Schamyl, but a little child, become, through God's will, an orphan, having need of a nurse. You are this nurse, and I pray you to love me as a nurse loves her child. For my part, I will love you not only as a child loves his nurse, but as old Schamyl can love a man who does good to him."

He frankly shows his sympathies and antipathies. He is very fond of music, and when asked out, first inquires whether any one will play the piano at the house to which he is invited. M. Rounovsky bought him an organ, which delighted him exceedingly. But a conjuror is the person who seems to interest him more than can be conceived. An individual of this class having apparently changed a piece of money, enveloped in a pocket-handkerchief, into a plume of feathers, the Imam was so impressed that he declared the mere remembrance of the trick had troubled his thoughts even at prayers. "Nevertheless," he added, "had the man been brought before me at Veden, I would have had him hanged."

A crab, which the Imam saw for the first time in his life at Kalouga, excited his utmost aversion. Taking it in one hand, he examined it attentively, till the crab seized a finger in its claws. He then threw it down, but continued to watch it eagerly. Having remarked the animal's mode of walking, he became indignant, kicked it from before him, and ordered Khadjio, one of his suite, to drive it out of the room. It was long before he recovered from the disagreeable sensation produced on his mind by the crab. "I never saw such a cowardly animal," he said; "and if I ever fancied the Devil, it was in that likeness."

At first, he went a great deal into society, and liked balls, though he disapproved of the dress-coats worn by European gentlemen, and also of the bare shoulders exposed by ladies; the latter being a temptation which mortal man, says the Imam, is too weak to look upon. He liked the theatre, too, and especially the dancing; but the uncovered faces of so many women troubled him, and he soon ceased his attendance. Now, when invited anywhere, he asks if ladies will be present. If the reply is affirmative, he refuses. His religion, he says, teaches him to object to unveiled women. But he is not bigoted on the subject, and is quite willing to discuss it.

The captive Imam still excites some curiosity, but it is rapidly dying away; and he will soon be as little talked of or thought about as Timour Meerza, or Abd-el-Kader.

NEXT THING TO AN ANGEL UPON EARTH.—A gentleman walking through Knightsbridge on Sunday overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country: Woman—"Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born I wish myself dead again." Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?" Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer I am as miserable as a

rat?" Man—"Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you haven't had pretty near enough to-day. If that ain't enough pleasure for yer I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth."—*English Paper.*

DR. JOHNSON ON PEKIN.—"What is Pekin? Ten thousand Londoners would drive all the people of Pekin; they would drive them like deer."—*Boswell's Johnson.*

THE G
very pros
meetings
the 1,400
day. Th
North A
offer a f
The disc
the preced
conducted
Scotland
those per
Captain
same as
skill and
of connect
an Elect
from a
even a
failed;—
self when
First,
been a g
scribers,
000: the
the bott
tempt w
failure.
affair.
the Indu
although
little sho
ture the
of four
sterling
terms, th
pay an
ing the
It never
through
concern
well hav
swallow
lots, and
took pla
last, an
scribed
at the b
be provi
Our m
nect En
Gibralt
in this

From The Examiner, 16 Feb.

OCEAN TELEGRAPHS.

THE Geographical Society, popular and very prosperous (for at each of its fortnightly meetings a score of members are added to the 1,400 already enrolled), met last Monday. The main subject discussed was the North Atlantic Electric Cable. We may offer a few observations on this subject. The discussion arose out of papers read at the preceding meeting by the persons who conducted the survey by land and sea from Scotland to Labrador, when we say that those persons were Sir Leopold McClintock, Captain Allan Young, and Dr. Rae, it is the same as saying that it was performed with skill and intrepidity. But the practicability of connecting the Old and New World by an Electric Cable is a very different matter from a survey. Schemes as feasible, and even a good deal more so, have totally failed;—but the reader shall judge for himself when we enumerate a few of them.

First, then, the Great Atlantic Cable has been a great failure, and has cost the subscribers, as far as we understand, £450,000: the pounds and cable are equally at the bottom of the Atlantic. The next attempt was a greater, because a more costly failure. This was the Red Sea and Indian affair. It was to have brought the Nile and the Indus almost within hail of each other, although the distance between them was little short of 1,700 miles. For this adventure the government has given a guarantee of four and a half per cent on a million sterling for half a century, or, in other terms, the nation is for that long time to pay an annuity of £45,000, without receiving the smallest consideration in return. It never conveyed even a single message throughout, so that, as far as the nation is concerned, the million sovereigns might as well have been consigned to the sea that swallowed up Pharaoh, his horses, his chariots, and his horsemen. In the debate which took place in the Commons on Thursday last, an honorable member naively and drolly ascribed the failure “to certain occult causes at the bottom of the sea, which could not be provided against.”

Our next speculation was meant to connect England with Spain by Falmouth and Gibraltar, and the government bargained in this case for a first-rate cable at the cost

of some £400,000, but the Atlantic being deemed too deep for it, it was transferred to Rangoon and Singapore, a distance of 1,200 miles, embracing the best part of the Bay of Bengal and the whole of the Straits of Malacca, among a hundred isles, islets, and coral reefs. The ship bearing it was wrecked in Plymouth Harbor, when the cable was discovered to be damaged by the corrosion of the iron and the decomposition of the gutta serena. It was not therefore deemed good enough for the Indian Ocean, and it is now destined to connect Malta with Alexandria; all the cables of the Mediterranean, whether English or French, having already failed. If we include the cable which was to have connected Malta with Spezia, through Sardinia and Corsica, and that which was to have connected Malta with Corfu, both of which have failed, we have spent not less than two millions in experimenting upon oceanic cables.

But we are not the only people who have failed in the matter of long cables. The cable that was to have connected Algeria with France will not work, although it embraces but the breadth of the Mediterranean. The Dutch laid down a cable between Batavia and Singapore about six months ago. The distance is six hundred miles and it conveyed, like the great Atlantic cable, a few messages, when it stopped. Ships' anchors and coral reefs were fatal to it; it has broken a score of times, and has been finally given up as a hopeless project.

Such, then, being the result of our experience of Oceanic Electric Cables, what chance of success can there be with a cable that proposes to bring the Old and New World together by the route of Scotland, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, over seas infested by icebergs, and along ice-bound coasts? We fear none whatever. The distance is little short of that across the South Atlantic. There are sea-gaps of eight hundred and of five hundred miles, and the inhospitable land is rather a hindrance than an advantage. We are, then, decidedly of opinion that a North American Cable is a hopeless project that will not be, and ought not to be, attempted. The government, goaded on by the press and the public, has been already severely bitten, and will assuredly not guarantee a farthing. Without its guarantee there will as assuredly be no subscribers. Until some great discovery is made which no man at present even dreams of, our electric cables must be confined to the narrow seas, and the wafting of “sighs from India to the Pole” must be still an achievement known only in the domain of poetry.

From Chambers's Journal.

HOW DUMAS WROTE "MONTE CRISTO."

PEOPLE are always very anxious, says M. Alexandre Dumas, in a recent pamphlet, to know how my works were composed, and above all, who wrote them, and naturally, those works that have attained the greatest success have had their paternity most obstinately questioned. It is generally believed that *The Count of Monte Cristo* was written by Fiorentino.

Let me here relate how I came to write that romance, a work which to this day still continues to be reprinted.

In 1841, I was living in Florence. In that year, Prince Jerome Napoleon was also living there, in the charming villa of Quarto, where every Frenchman was desirous of being presented on his first arrival at the "City of the Medicis." This formality had been gone through by me in 1834, so that, on my second visit to Florence in 1840, I found myself, as it were, on the footing of an old friend of the exiled family. I was in the habit, indeed, of going every day to visit the prince at Quarto.

One day, Prince Jerome said to me, alluding to his son: "Napoleon is leaving the service of Wurtemberg, and is returning to Florence. He does not wish, as you can well understand, to run the risk of serving against France. So directly he arrives, I shall introduce him to you, that you may not only tell him all about France, of which he is ignorant, but also, if you have time, make with him some slight expeditions in Italy."

"Has he seen the island of Elba?" I inquired.

"No."

"Well, I will take him there," I said, "if your highness thinks proper. It is but right that the nephew of the emperor should finish his education by a historical pilgrimage like that."

Therefore, when the Prince Napoleon arrived, he found every thing arranged between his father and myself, and after a few days devoted to his family and friends, we set out in the prince's carriage for Leghorn. I was at that time eight-and-thirty, and the prince scarcely nineteen.

The next morning, at about five o'clock, we landed in a small boat in Porto-Ferrajo, in Elba.

After having thoroughly wandered over the island, we resolved to make a shooting expedition to Pianosa, a low island scarcely elevated ten feet above the level of the sea, abounding in rabbits and red partridges. Unfortunately, we had forgotten to bring a dog. A man, however, the happy possessor of a black and white cur, offered himself, in consideration of the sum of two pauls, to carry our game-bag, and to lend us his dog besides. By its assistance, we were enabled to kill a dozen partridges, which the owner of the dog very conscientiously picked up. As he put each partridge into his bag, the good man kept exclaiming, glancing with a sigh towards a magnificent rock two or three hundred feet high: "Ah, your excellencies, if you went there, you would have capital sport."

"Well, what is there to be got there, after all?" I asked him at last.

"Whole herds of wild-goats: the island is full of them."

"And what is the name, then, of that happy island?"

"It is called *The Island of Monte Cristo*."

This was the first time that I ever heard the name of Monte Cristo.

The next day we set out for the island. The weather was beautiful, with just enough wind to fill the sail, which, seconded by the oars of our two sailors, made us do the three leagues in less than an hour. As we advanced, Monte Cristo seemed to rise from the bosom of the sea, and increase gradually in size, like the giant Adamastor. At about eleven o'clock, we were within two or three pulls of the centre of a little port. We held our guns in our hands, ready to jump out, when one of the two rowers exclaimed: "Your excellencies are doubtless aware that the island of Monte Cristo is deserted, and that at whatever port we enter after we have touched here, we shall be liable to five or six days of quarantine."

"Well," I said to the prince, "what do you say to that?"

"I say," he replied, "that this man has done well to warn us before landing; but he would have done still better if he had warned us before setting out."

"Then you don't think the five or six goats we may kill are worth suffering five or six days' quarantine?"

"And you?"

"I?
goats, an
tine, so t
"Wel
"We
of the is
"For
"To s
"Sett
the prin
it do you
"It w
the voya
with you
The Isla
I may h
"Let
island,"
impressi
Eight
Florence
in Franc
Messrs.
ineight
I had a
matter
Barrier
rier de
hand th
left the
ing Beth
and in t
not into
archaeol
to have
it is tru
provided
formed
turned b
however
a roman
Paris, I
work of
I had
Police
twenty
"The I
ever it
who do
theless,
was a p
or valu
quairin
to appl
plot whi

"I? Oh, I have no great passion for goats, and I have a great dislike for quarantine, so that if you don't object—"

"Well?"

"We will simply make the circumference of the island."

"For what purpose?"

"To settle its geographical position."

"Settle its geographical position," said the prince, "if you like; but what good will it do you?"

"It will serve," I said, "in memory of the voyage I have had the honor of making with you. It will serve to give the title of *The Island of Monte Cristo* to some romance I may hereafter write."

"Let us make, then, the circuit of the island," he replied; "and send me the first impression of your work."

Eight days afterwards, we returned to Florence. Towards the year 1843, being in France, I entered into an agreement with Messrs. Bethune and Plon to write a work in eight volumes, called *Wanderings in Paris*. I had at first intended to have done the matter very simply, commencing at the Barrier du Trône, and finishing at the Barrier de l'Etoile; touching with the right hand the Barrier de Clichy, and with the left the Barrier du Maine; when one morning Bethune came to tell me, in his name, and in the name of his partner, that he did not intend to have a mere historical and archaeological production, but that he meant to have a romance—about any thing I liked, it is true, so long as it was interesting, but provided also that the wanderings in Paris formed no part of it. He had had his head turned by the success of Eugene Sue. As, however, it was just as easy for me to write a romance as to write my *Wanderings in Paris*, I set about to find materials for this work of Messrs. Bethune and Plon.

I had some time previously read in *The Police Unveiled* of Peuchet a story about twenty pages in length, called, I believe, "The Diamond and the Revenge." Whatever it was, it was very foolish, and those who doubt it, had better read it. Nevertheless, at the bottom of that oyster there was a pearl—a rough pearl, without shape or value, it is true, but a pearl merely requiring the hand of the jeweller. I resolved to apply to the *Wanderings in Paris* the plot which I might draw from this story; so

I set myself down, in consequence, to that work of the brain which with me always precedes the mere manual labor. The first outline of the plot was this:—

A nobleman, very rich, dwelling in Rome, calling himself the Count of Monte Cristo, was to do some great service to a young French traveller, and, in exchange for the service, was to ask him to be his guide when he in his turn should visit Paris. The object of this visit to Paris was to have for appearance curiosity, but in reality revenge. In the course of his stay in Paris, the Count of Monte Cristo was to find out his secret enemies, who had condemned him in his youth to a captivity of six years. His fortune was to furnish him with the means of vengeance.

I commenced the work in this form, and I finished about a volume and a half of it. In that volume and a half are comprised all Albert de Morcerf's adventures in Rome, and those of Franz d'Epinay until his arrival in Paris.

I was just there when I happened to speak to Maquet, with whom I had already worked in collaboration. I told him what I had done, and what I still intended to do.

"I think," he said, "that you are passing over the most important part of the life of your hero—that is to say, over his amours with the Catalan, over the treason of Danglars and Fernand, and over the ten years in prison with the Abbé Faria."

I answered: "I intend to relate all that."

He replied: "You cannot tell it all in five or six volumes, and you have but five or six volumes left."

"Perhaps you are right," I said. "Come and dine with me to-morrow, and we will talk about it."

During that evening, that night, and the next morning, I thought over Maquet's remarks, and they appeared so true, that they prevailed over my previous intentions. So, when he came the next day, he found the work cut out into three distinct parts—Marseille, Rome, Paris.

That same evening, we made together the plan of the first five volumes: one of them was to be devoted to the introduction, three to the captivity, and the last two to the escape and recompense of the Morells. The remainder, without being entirely finished, was quite planned out.

Maquet believed he had done me only a friendly service; I maintain that he did the work of a *collaborateur*.

Thus *The Count of Monte Cristo*, commenced by me in my *Wanderings in Paris*, turned by degrees into a romance, and found itself at last completed by Maquet and myself together.

Every one, though, is yet at liberty to find in *The Count of Monte Cristo* any other

source than I have said; but he will be very clever if he finds one.

Thus is briefly told, by the author himself, the origin of the most remarkable romance of our time; and we waive our ordinary rule against the admission of translations, in order that, by its publication, the fame of M. Dumas may be cleared from certain charges of plagiarism in the eyes of many whom his own statement would never reach.

MR. MATHIEU, surgical instrument maker, has produced a vegetable grease, which is both viscid and elastic. He calls it *Heveone*, to indicate that it consists principally of essence of caoutchouc, or of very pure caoutchouc, extracted from the *hevea guyanensis*, or india-rubber tree of Guiana, and that it is prepared at a very elevated temperature. This new preparation possesses very remarkable properties, and will render important services to many branches of industry. It adheres strongly to the surfaces to which it is applied; it never becomes oxidized under the influence of atmospheric agencies; but renders unoxidizable, and preserves from rust, all kinds of iron, copper, and steel implements, etc., and polished metals generally, upon the surface of which it forms a film of extreme thinness. Surgical instruments, domestic utensils, machines, arms, weapons, etc., can by its means be kept always clean and bright. The lubricating properties of *Heveone* are even more astonishing: applied to pistons, axles, hinges, pumps, pivots, screws, etc., it diminishes friction, rendering their action quite free and smooth. It never loses its viscosity, or becomes dry, nor oxidizes or combines with the metal. *Heveone*, as a coating impermeable to water, powerfully contributes to keep leather, and articles manufactured of it, intact and clean; boots, harness, straps, etc., it protects from the extremes of dryness and moisture, communicating to them the greatest suppleness, and preserving them from decay. Its salutary effects extend also to wood exposed to the weather, as in gun carriages; and not the least of its important applications is that to the interior of guns and rifles, rendering them much easier to clean, and to require cleaning less frequently.—*Welcome Guest*.

EDGAR A. POE.—A great deal has been written of the life and character of this erratic and erring son of genius, and a good deal that is suppositions and incorrect. An English writer, a Dr. Maudsley, has made Poe the subject of

an article in the *Journal of Medical Science*, in which I find this sentence respecting Poe's parentage:—

"So David Poe [the father of Edgar] bade farewell to law, of which he had been a student, and with Elizabeth Arnold, the beautiful actress, went forth into the wide, wide world."

David Poe was an actor before he ever saw his wife. He was a young lawyer or student of law in Baltimore, who, with one or two other young men of that city, about the year 1803, became, as the phrase is, "stage-mad." They came to Richmond soon after, and Poe was a regular actor in the Virginia company of comedians. At that time, belonging to the same company, were Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, an English actor and actress, he an admirable comic actor, she a sweet, pretty, modest little woman, very good, and a great favorite in the walks of minor comedy, such as *Rosina*, etc. Not long after Poe's appearance on the Richmond boards, Hopkins died, and a year or so after that Poe married the widow, of which marriage Edgar was the offspring, the only one, I believe. I knew them all well. Hopkins was a man of classical education and of much wit; the elder Poe was educated, clever, and agreeable. I have no recollection of the career or fate of Poe and his wife, as I left Virginia a year or two after their marriage. The *Philadelphia Bulletin* says "they died in utter destitution."—*National Intelligencer*.

SLAVERY, AS VIEWED BY A SLAVE.—We reported lately, on the authority of a Georgia journal, that an essay on slavery by a Georgia slave was in press. The result is before us in a pamphlet. "Slavery and Abolitionism, as Viewed by a Georgia Slave," by Harrison Berry the slave of L. W. Price, of Covington, Ga.

It is printed by Wood, Hanleiter, Rice, and Co., Atlanta, Ga., and will be furnished for 25 cents per copy.

It is a remarkable work and shall be noticed more fully.—*Charleston Courier*, 16 March.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

RECOLLECTIONS OF G. P. R. JAMES.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

WHEN the writer of "*Richelieu*," encouraged by the frank praises of Sir Walter Scott, commenced his long career of authorship, I was travelling in Italy, and engaged in studies which made me more familiar with the middle ages than with modern literature. And, on my return to England, I was but slowly overtaking his rapid powers of production, when I had the pleasure of knowing him as my friend and neighbor.

We were both residing on one of the most beautiful portions of the south coast, and I certainly never enjoyed splendid scenery in more agreeable companionship. He was at that time occupied—as usual—in writing a new romance; or rather in dictating it—a practice which he informed me he had adopted at the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott, who (as a piece of authorcraft) thought it both expeditious and economical. With a regularity rarely departed from, he was steadily at work with his amanuensis from soon after an early breakfast till two o'clock. He then walked for about two hours; and I was fortunate when he made me his companion by taking my home in his way. Pleasant was often our talk while "High o'er the hills, and low adown the dale, We wandered many a wood, and measured many a vale;"*

or looked from some well-known steep upon the line of picturesque and rocky coast which lay before us in almost Italian beauty. It is only in this way that a natural and easy intercourse can be enjoyed with one who feels that something not too common is expected from him; and those walks will be long remembered. On his return he dictated or corrected till near dinner-time, and in the evening (when not in society) he looked over his manuscript copy. This, till he saw "daylight" (to use his own phrase) in the progress of his story, was generally his daily routine.

But I am not about to become his Boswell. It is because the notices which have appeared since his death, while doing justice to him in every other respect, have been very chary in their acknowledgment of his talents, that I am induced to devote a page or two to his memory. His qualities of

* Spencer.

disposition have been dwelt upon as they deserved. His active friendship, his kindly feelings, his generous hospitality, could not be overrated. And why should not his talents have been as frankly praised? Who has replaced him? There was a time when one or two *three-volume* works of fiction yearly from his pen, seemed to be thought so absolute a necessity by the public, that it might have been supposed the machinery of society would stop whenever the supply should cease. *Punch* might smile at the two cavaliers who had so often appeared at the commencement of a romance, or might have represented him, pictorially, as grinding his works out of a mill; but in how few of our writers can we now look for the same unaffected style, or easy narrative, or for the pure and unobtrusive moral tone that distinguished every thing he wrote? Of how few works of fiction can we say, as of his, that we rise from their perusal without any perversion of our feelings or principles. He had, also, that power of productiveness which has, in itself been considered an attribute of genius. Like Scott or Voltaire, he could have sat in a library of his own creation; and if he had not the power which the former so eminently possessed of giving life and actuality to the personages he brought before us, he occasionally followed closely upon his great master in his descriptions of natural scenery and events. I only write from memory; but I may mention, *inter alia*, the thunderstorm, in "*Margaret of Burgundy*;" the trial scene, in "*Corse de Leon*;" the burning forest, in "*Ticonderoga*;" the Italian lake, in "*Pequinello*;" the battle of Evesham, in "*Forest Days*;" the attack on Angoulême and the battle of Jarnac, in the "*Man at Arms*;" and the revolt at Barcelona, in "*De L'Orme*;" a very incomplete list, but all that I at present recollect.

There was one quality in which he was peculiar. It was the natural and easy introduction into his narrative of reflections and remarks that often show great knowledge both of the world and of human nature.

When we were in habits of daily intercourse, I mentioned to him that this had always struck me, and that it was my intention to make a collection of them. It at once involved me in one of the embarrassments frequently consequent upon his gen-

erosity; for in the course of the day he made me a present of half a dozen of his works, at the same time wishing me, as he thought proper to express it, a less dry and laborious occupation. If it had not, he said, been for the awkwardness of a writer's selecting his own "beauties," he should probably have undertaken it himself. He even fixed upon a publisher. A variety of occupations, however, local and political, prevented me from proceeding with my task beyond sufficient matter for one small volume: and from this I make, at hazard, a few brief extracts.

"Eloquence consists not in many words, but in few; the thoughts, the associations, the images may be many; but the acme of eloquence is in the rapidity of their expression."

"It unfortunately happens that talent is less frequently wanted than the wisdom to employ it."

"Let not people speak lightly of lovers' quarrels. Lovers should never quarrel, if they would love well and love long."

"In the awful struggle which has gone on for ages between good and evil, the eye of man has looked upon a mass of agony, sorrow, and despair which—could it all be beheld at once, or conceived even faintly—would break man's heart for the wickedness and cruelty of his own nature."

"The mirror, like every other invention of human vanity, as often procures us disappointment as gratification."

"In the sad arithmetic of years, multiply by what numbers you will, you can never produce *one-and-twenty* more than once."

"Thought loads the heart and does but little good, when our resolutions are once taken."

"'Providence,' says a powerful but dangerous author of another land, 'has placed Disgust at the door of all bad places.' But, alas! she keeps herself behind the door as we go in, and it is only as we come out that we meet her face to face."

"Servants have a wonderful pleasure in revealing useful information when it is too late; though they take care to conceal every thing they see amiss while their information can be of any service to their masters."

"Apprehension is to sorrow what hope is to joy,—a sort of *avant-coureur* who greatly magnifies the importance of the personage he precedes."

"Trust a woman's eye to discover when

a man is insincere. She can always do it when her own heart is not concerned."

"Cast that man from your society forever who does or says a thing in your presence which you would blush to have said or done yourself."

"How often do idle words betray the spirit within. They are the careless gaolers which let the prisoner forth out of his secret dungeon. They have cost, if history be true, many a king his crown, many a woman her reputation, and many a lover his lady's hand."

"The great mass of a man's mind, like the greater part of his body, he takes care to cover; so that no one may judge of its defects, except they be very prominent."

"If we miss the precise moment, whether it be by a minute or by years matters not, we have lost the great talisman of Fate forever."

But it is not by such fragmentary specimens as these that we can judge of Mr. James' talents. If any one is unacquainted with his works, and wishes to estimate him as he deserves, let him read his "Attila;" which, as an historical romance, has rarely—except by the Great Master himself—been equalled; and having read it, he may say of him in the words used by his guide and friend on a different occasion, that few writers have so well "succeeded in amusing hours of relaxation, or relieving those of langor, pain, or anxiety," as the author of "Richelieu" and of "Attila."

In the usual intercourse of society he was rather an agreeable companion than a brilliant diner-out; and even the brightest, amongst these, are stars that have their periods of obscurity. I have seen the elder Matthews in a state of depression which might almost have threatened suicide. In an hour or two he was

"The life of pleasure and the soul of whim,"

the best toned and most gentlemanly of humorists. One of our opium-eating celebrities would suddenly become silent as if he had been shot; nor did he soon recover. And we are told of a party of wits—one of them no less a personage than Theodore Hook—that having been invited by a city notability to amuse his guests, they became, *en revanche*, solemnly stupid, reserving their talents for an after-symposium of their own. But whatever he may have been generally,

I remember how much the friend we have lost contributed to one of the most brilliant evenings I have ever witnessed at any dinner-table, from Albemarle Street to my own. He was unable, in the first instance, to accept my invitation, in consequence of the expected arrival of a visitor. On the morning of the day, he wrote me a note to say that if I had still a vacant place he would be happy to come. I need not mention how I answered it. He entered the drawing-room with an evident determination to be agreeable. Amongst the guests was one of the "best hands" of the *Quarterly Review*, who was an admirable talker. There were others of some mark. And for five hours the ball never fell.

But *actus dulces valete!* I must bring these reminiscences to a close. If it was thought by the Romans to have been an act of piety to preserve from desecration the tombs of the departed, we may hold it to be a still higher duty to guard their memories from wrong; and, above all, when the wrong is done to one of whom we may say, in the language of *Bassanio*, that he was

"—The kindest man,
The best conditioned and unweari'd spirit
In doing courtesies . . .
That e'er drew breath."

I am glad to have the privilege of speaking as he merits of one whom I so much esteemed. We rarely flatter the dead; and I never gave expression to praise with more sincerity than now.

On the Impediments to the Introduction of the Decimal System of Weights and Measures, and the best Way to remove them. A Lecture delivered Dec. 13, 1860, in the Hall of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, London. By Frank P. Fellows, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE introduction of a decimal system of weights, measures, and coinage is one of those improvements the desirableness of which is all but universally acknowledged, while scarcely any serious effort is made to secure its adoption. Mr. Fellows' lecture is an earnest and sensible attempt to overcome the general apathy on this subject. Even those who are most alien to the inconveniences of the existing system will be astonished at his statements of the inextricable confusion which has resulted from it; and few, after reading the evidence which he has collected on this point, will question the accuracy of his conclusion, that the introduction of the decimal system would shorten the time necessary for the acquisition of arithmetic by at least one-half. He points out that, our system of arithmetic being a decimal one, it is only natural that our weights and measures should be arranged on the same principle. He attempts to meet the objection that it would be very difficult to bring into familiar use a number of terms derived from Greek and Latin, by suggesting—not, we think, very successfully—a series of abbreviations, which might be substituted for these terms. But we are inclined to believe that the importance of this difficulty has been considerably overrated. No doubt the introduction of the decimal system would be immediately followed by a period of considerable confusion; but this

inconvenience would only be of temporary duration, and would be far more than counterbalanced by the advantages which would surely follow. Russia has declared that she is only waiting for the adhesion of England to this system in order to adopt it herself; and there can be no doubt that our adoption of it would be the signal for the introduction of a uniform system of weights, measures, and coinage throughout the whole continent of Europe.—*Spectator*.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL CENSURE.—Latimer having claimed free reading in English of the Scriptures for the English people, Doctor Buckingham, Prior of the Black friars, denounced his pernicious error, saying, "If that heresy prevail, we shall soon see an end of every thing useful among us. The ploughman reading that if he put his hand to the plough, and should happen to look back, he was unfit for the kingdom of heaven, would soon lay aside his labor; the baker likewise, reading that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump would give us a very insipid bread; the simple man also, finding himself commanded to pluck out his eyes, we should soon have the nation full of blind beggars."

NAVAL FASHIONS.—Steel corsets are beginning to be worn by frigates, but do not, in the last novelty, come up to the bows in front or descend quite to the other extremity. The sides are pierced with holes for the arms, forming a stylish openwork. Canvas is less employed than formerly, which, during the prevalence of March winds, is not to be regretted.—*Punch*.

From Once a Week.

MY ADVENTURE IN SEARCH OF GARIBALDI.

THE ass, which bore my portmanteau and bag, was a sturdy, well-conditioned ass, with plenty of red tassels and brass bells about its bridle, and a stout peasant lad to ensure with his cudgel that the pace was a fair one. Much of the summer heat was over, and though the air was rather heavy and oppressive, we made very good progress for about seven miles or so. At about that distance from Fondi lies a group of cottages, a mere hamlet, too small to possess a church, and where, to my disgust, no hospitable bush, hanging over a door, told of purple wine within. I was very thirsty. My mouth was an oven, and my tongue painfully parched, and I would have given its weight in gold for a tumbler of frothing Bass; but even country wine seemed denied me. The peasant boy who drove the ass talked patois, and my Italian was chiefly learned out of Dante and other classics of the Arno, so we were not very intelligible conversationists; but he seemed to indicate that if I could hope to get refreshments anywhere, it would be at a solitary wayside dwelling, about a hundred yards ahead. On I went, and there, sure enough, was an open door, and a leafy bush above it.

In a chair outside sat an old man, apparently enjoying the evening sun.

"*Buon giorno!*" I called out; "let me have some wine, and iced-water, too, if you have it, for I'm—"

Here I was cut short by not knowing the Italian word that stands for thirsty. The old man never moved. Asleep? I drew nearer. Yes, asleep, but in that last long sleep that none can break,—the solemn sleep of death. I started back with an involuntary cry. I had been addressing a dead man. The occupant of the chair was an old—probably a very old—man, for his wrinkled skin was yellow as an antique parchment, and the long but scanty locks that fell from under his black skull-cap were as white as snow. The hollow cheeks, the sunken features, told of gradual decay, and though the glassy eyes were open, the jaw had been carefully tied up, and a fair white linen cloth was folded around the breast of the corpse, while the hands were decorously disposed upon the lap, the withered fingers

extended as if in prayer. On a nearer scrutiny, I observed that a small wooden platter was between the hands of the dead man, and in it lay several small coins of silver, and a much larger heap of copper. I now breathed more freely as I recollected to have heard of a singular custom which prevails in Italy, and with which all old residents are acquainted. When a death takes place in an indigent family, it is very usual to deposit the body, dressed in its holiday clothes, and with a plate between its hands, either at its own door, or in some public place, and to compel, as it were, this dumb and insensible mendicant to solicit alms of the charitable. The money obtained in this strange way goes to pay the expenses of the burial, *not* for the coffin, since bodies are buried uncoffined, but for masses, flowers, professional mourners, consecrated candles, and a sort of funeral-feast. This custom explained the presence of this ghastly guardian of the threshold, but still I shrank from it.

We northern folks cannot but feel shocked at the callous manner in which death, that dim, solemn mystery, is greeted by the natives of South Europe, and I admit that I felt a very great inclination to pursue my way with thirst unslaked, when a comely dark-haired woman, wearing the square kerchief of the Neapolitan peasantry of that province, came courtesying out to ask what could be done for my excellency's service. Ashamed to run away from the presence of a dead body, I conquered my repugnance, entered the cottage, and asked for what refreshments I needed. The hostess, a buxom young matron, with a picturesque jacket of some bright color and an immense rosary instead of the usual golden ornaments, was very chatty and pleasant, and told me that the Royalists had passed by that very afternoon on their foray for beasts of burden, but that she had no doubt but that, at Gariaglio, or some such place, I should procure a carriage. I drank my wine and water, munched a few delicious grapes, and treated my guide to wine and the ass to water, all for a few carlini, and was taking my leave when the hostess asked, with an apologetic smile, if I "would bestow a trifle on grandfather?"

"On grandfather?" said I, turning to where the rigid figure sat, propped with

cushions in its arm-chair; "do you mean that that is your grandfather, that—"

"*Si Signor*," answered she, "the best of parents, the dearest, kindest old soul—so pious too—ah! what a loss! Ah me!"

Wonderful how the moods of those Italians change! She was actually sobbing, that smiling, sunny-featured woman, who had seemed, while tripping about to fetch me a cool flask of the best, or playing between whiles with her two plump-cheeked children, perfectly happy and content. But how little can we judge from mere outward show, and how often do we find the face a sorry index to the heart! She was evidently much affected by the mention of the old man—her husband's father, she said—who had died that very morning about dawn, at a great age. The platter was to collect money to buy masses for his soul, she said, "not that he had many sins, poor dear;" and then she sobbed again. I am as good a Protestant as any, but whatever I might think of masses in the abstract, I felt that here was a case where all the logic of Exeter Hall would be wasted—these poor simple folks—it was plain that nothing but the ceremonies of the church they were bred in could carry balm to their bruised hearts, and I felt that I should be a brute if I were to deposit less than a dollar in the plate. I laid down a dollar, accordingly, said a kind word or two in my broken Tuscan, and departed, but not before the grateful woman had insisted on kissing my excellency's generous hand, and wishing my excellency a prosperous journey.

We stepped vigorously out along the dusty road, the boy, the ass, and I, and though night was falling, I cared little; now we were among the blue hills, and out of the Pontine marshes, where the night air is deadly, blowing as it does over many a foul morass. For a league we pushed on gayly enough, but then came a broad blue flash, and then a roll of thunder, and then a burst of hail and heavy rain, while the flash and roll were incessant, and the sky grew pitchy dark. Wet, and blinded by lightning, there was no chance of making our way to the next town; indeed, the road was no longer to be seen, except when a flash showed it; so, after a short council of war, back we scampered to the little wayside hostelry that we had so lately left, and where alone, ac-

cording to the boy, we could hope for shelter. Soon did British traveller, donkey, and lad, stand before the porch of the small house of entertainment, but though less than two hours had elapsed, a change had come over us all. The donkey shook his dripping ears, and hung his sleek head wretchedly, the boy was wet and alarmed, and I was a draggled object to look upon, but eagerly bent on obtaining shelter and a fire to dry my clothes. Of course we found the door shut, and the arm-chair and its mute occupant removed into the house. Nay, but for the drenched bush that the wind was buffeting backwards and forwards, we should not have known the house from any other cottage, seeing it as we did by the transient glare of the blue lightning. I lifted the latch, and, flinging wide the door, entered without ceremony. I found a family group assembled around their supper-table. There was my buxom friend of the afternoon, with her two little ones nestling close to the maternal apron, there was a stout, bronzed peasant, her husband, and a tall, black-haired girl, who might have been the sister of husband or wife, and three sturdy younger brothers, in brown jackets and crimson sashes, eating brown bread and fried beans in a way calculated to have given Lord Chesterfield a heartache.

I must not forget the other member of the family—the dead man—whose chair stood now in the chimney-corner, which no doubt had been his place during life, and whose blank gaze and wan face were turned towards the crackling fire of sticks. The platter had been removed from between the stiffened hands, the linen-band untied from the jaw; this I noticed, but in no other respect had the body been disturbed. Not a look, as far as I could well see, was turned towards the inanimate member of the company. The careless Neapolitans were laughing over their meal as if there were no such thing as death at all. But my arrival created a sensation I was at a loss to account for. The family jumped from their seats, with confused and terror-stricken faces, uttering a profusion of imprecations more or less pious, or the reverse, and seemed more-perturbed than they ought to have been at the arrival of a chance traveller. I accosted the hostess as an acquaintance, mentioned the raging storm, and announced my inten-

tion of staying all night, if they could accommodate me. I cannot say that they seemed anxious to house so distinguished a guest! Indeed, they gave me a clear idea that, but for shame's sake, they would have pushed me out again into the rain. Of course they were too humble—their poor little hut was not fit for such as my excellency, nurtured in palaces, etc., but at last they gave way, and promised to make me up a bed in one of the little rooms up-stairs. The boy and donkey they absolutely refused to shelter. No plea of mine or entreaty of his prevailed: boy and ass were ruthlessly denied accommodation, and I was obliged to dismiss them, with double pay, into the howling storm, to reach Fondi as they might. Then the door was shut and locked, and a wooden bar put across it. Sticks were thrown on the fire, and I stood before it, drying myself as best I might, my baggage lying at my feet. The people went on with their supper, but not quite as light-heartedly as before; their mirth was not so loud, and I thought they often cast a look askance at me. Then the hostess remembered her courtly manners, and deferentially asked if she could have the pleasure of setting any thing before the Signor Inglese. It was not to be supposed that his English excellency could eat beans, but perhaps an egg? so fresh, or some milk and chocolate? or a rasher of winter bacon? But his English excellency, though he was hungry, said not a word in reply. I could not have spoken, had my life depended on my oratory. My heart leaped, and then stood still; my hair rose bristling, my brow grew damp with fear, my eyes were riveted with horror and half incredulous marvel on the white-haired, venerable corpse of the patriarch in the arm-chair. And no wonder! *I saw the dead man move!* The glossy eyes rolled horribly in their wrinkled orbits, the jaws relaxed into a yawn, the arms were stretched as the arms of one awakening from sleep, and the old man's body rocked and quivered in the arm-chair. The sight of that yawning, glaring, moving corpse was almost too much for my nerves. I clutched the arm of the hostess; with a shrinking hand I pointed to the horrid sight—the hallucination—as I deemed it, of my fatigued senses. Ha! she sees it too, but I see no fear on her face. Some annoyance, perhaps, and a covert

smile; surely, I am mistaken; but—no, those dead lips move, work, speak! Audibly fall upon my agonized ear the hollow accents of the departed. What are those words that break the silence? What fearful revelation to the living necessitates such a breach of the laws of nature? What secrets of the prison-house are about to be dragged into light? Let me listen to the dead man's awful speech.

“*Che ora è?*”

“What’s o’clock?” that was all he said, upon my honor, as a gentleman. “What’s o’clock?” A disembodied spirit bursting the gates of night, and intruding on the living, to ask what o’clock it was! They heard it. They all heard it. And my tortured ear was next insulted by such a peal of hearty horse laughter, begun by one, chorused by the rest, as I had seldom listened to. My brain reeled. Here was I, in presence of a corpse that demanded to know what o’clock it was, and the whole company were laughing like a menagerie of hyenas! “*Che ora è?*” repeated the dead man, into whose eyes there gradually stole more speculation than becomes the defunct, on the Swan’s authority. And still the peasants laughed, and the deceased patriarch became more and more palpably alive. I gasped for breath, so utter was my amazement. I had read of trances and apparent deaths, and resuscitations, during funerals or after interment, but never had I heard of the dead alive being welcomed back into the bosom of their family, amid peals of uproarious laughter, as if their revival was a rare joke. But when the old man made an effort to rise, I could bear it no longer, but rushed to the door. To my surprise, one of the young men sprang up and set his back against it, grinning but resolute. Another jumped from his chair to reinforce.

“Seusa! signor!” said the landlord, “but you cannot go just yet.”

I insisted, tried to force my way, and was good-humoredly baffled. I got into a towering passion, but in vain. They were four to one, and they swore by all the saints that I should not stir a step. I had come for my own pleasure. I should stay for theirs.

“Do you want to rob me, you villains?” I shouted.

“Gracious signor, the idea!”

“Are you brigands?”

"Signor, what a blunder! We are poor, but honest."

Then why would they not let me pass? "Signor, grandfather,"—that word explained all. I turned; the old man was actually seated at supper, affectionately waited on by his two daughters, and playing a capital knife and fork for one who had shuffled off this mortal coil.

"Then," said I, as I viewed the hoary humbug, who I now saw was as completely alive as myself, "your precious parent was not dead, after all?"

They confessed that he was not.

"And his pretended death was produced by—"

"By this, signor carissimo," said the hostess, opening a cupboard and exhibiting a bottle labelled chloroform.

"And this atrocious deception," I began, but was again interrupted with,—

"Signor Excellency, have a little pity! We are poor industrious folks; we farm and we sell wine; but we have many mouths to feed, and there are debts. This is a harmless plan we have devised of raising a trifling sum to buy seed-corn and oil for winter. If grandfather were really dead, nobody would grudge a few carlini for his burial, and those kind souls who give under the belief that a dead hand holds out the platter, will be all the better for it in purgatory. The worst of it is, that your excellency cannot go—"

"Cannot go!" I boiled over with wrath.

"If your excellency could make shift with very poor accommodation until Friday!"

"Until Friday!" I could only repeat the impudent proposal. But the landlady and her spouse, with one accord though many words, proceeded to lay down before me the following propositions: imprimis, that I had most inconveniently popped behind the scenes and pried into a Blue Beard chamber I had no right to know the secrets of; secondly, that unless the delusion were kept up, no profit could be expected, but rather popular vengeance; thirdly, that the two next days would be marked by a course of pilgrims to Fondi, for the festival of the holy and miracle-working St. Somebody, and a plentiful crop of small coin was expected. The fourth proposition was, that I should remain with them till the festa was over and the pilgrims gone home, that I

should be fed, cherished, and lodged as well as could be expected, for the moderate remuneration of one scudo per day, and that then I should be permitted to depart, on giving my promise not to say a word about my unlawful detention, while within the kingdom of Naples.

Who would not have stormed in such a case of false imprisonment? I flew into a passion, and threatened dreadful revenge. I would go to the judge, and the intendant; and the archbishop, I believe; and the British consul, I am certain. Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs should hear of it, and so should Garibaldi's Englishman. What did they think Lord Palmerston would say? To my chagrin, they had never heard of Lord Palmerston at all. They were obdurate, for their profits were at stake. After an hour's fiercely verbose argument, and five minutes' wrestling with one of the stout young cubs who held the door, I was forced to surrender at discretion, and accept the terms of the conquerors. *Vae victis!* What a miserable three nights and two days did I spend under that roof-tree, guarded like a prisoner of war, in spite of my parole, for there were always a couple of young peasants at my elbow, and they watched lest I should reveal the secret to any stray pilgrim! I slept in a little cock-loft, well garnished by an interesting colony of mosquitoes; my bed was not a very bad one, with its clean brown linen and its ticking stuffed with the husks of maize; they waited on me—the womankind, that is,—civilly enough, and they fed me with the best they had for my scudo a day, not too high a price, when one considers their enforced monopoly of my custom. I was not very uncomfortable, physically speaking, and had I chosen to stay for my own pleasure, should have been content. But upon compulsion! I roared inwardly with bitterness of spirit, as I saw the humble devotees troop by to the shrine of St. Somebody, and seldom fail to drop a few baiocchi, at least, into the platter of the venerable old scamp, who sat outside in his chair, as rigid and senseless as chloroform could make him. And then, the torment of seeing that aged impostor, as it were, off duty, and in the family circle, nightly to witness his recovery from the stupor due to the drug, to see him yawn and stretch, with a vivid remembrance

of my original terrors, and then to lose my own appetite in witnessing his abominable performances as a trencherman. I never thought, when I heard that every one had a skeleton in his cupboard, that I should ever be forced into intimacy with such a grisly piece of property, that I should breakfast and sup every day with the family skeleton occupying the head of the table, and generally demeaning itself as the founder of the feast.

He was not a bad old man either; a cackling, child-petting old grandsire he seemed, when desisting from his praiseworthy exertions for the benefit of his relatives. His third appearance before the public was, I am happy to say, the last. The pilgrims had ceased to flow past, and the carlini to rattle in the plate, and the Dead Alive had already obtained a hatful of money. Besides, the old gentleman's health might suffer from further chloroforming, his affectionate relatives being resolved to postpone his final and legitimate exhibition as long as filial pity could contrive it. For these various reasons the show came to an end, and my imprisonment along with it. The neighbors were called to witness the happy recovery of grandpapa, who had been three days in a trance, and suddenly awaked amid the congratulations of his kindred.

All incredulity was repressed by the presence of the four sturdy peasants who were ready with cudgel and fist to maintain, if necessary, that their progenitor had been as dead as Julius Cæsar, and was now as living as Mazzini. And the timely gift of a brace of dollars brought in the alliance of the church, the curé of the next village publicly avowing the resuscitation as a pure miracle, not wholly unconnected with the Immaculate Conception, nor entirely divested of reference to the future triumph of papal authority over heretics and red shirts; by which we may guess that the curé was of the reactionary party.

I departed in sullen silence, answering no word to the salutations and blessings of the Phoenix and his offspring. And they wished my excellency a good journey, and called me their preserver, the hypocrites! I got somehow to Naples, through the burned and pillaged country, but the time lost was irrevocable: my holiday was spoiled. I went to the front. I plunged into the midst of Garibaldi's ragged heroes, and I nearly got hit by a shell or two from the fortress, but skirmish or battle royal saw I none. Brief as was my stay, I missed the homeward-bound steamer, had to wait a week for another, and finally reached Dover just on the last day of the vacation.

JOHN HARWOOD.

Paris, Friday, March 1st, 1861.

The precious objects found in the summer palace at Pekin are now on exhibition in one of the pavilions of the palace of the Tuileries. They are well worthy the curiosity that has been attracting such crowds to visit them. There are several gigantic vases with brilliant enamelling, a magnificent pagoda of gilded bronze exquisitely chiselled and adorned with jewels, whimsical divinities of enamelled gold. A splendid costume of the emperor of China is displayed upon a manikin. Various robes are superposed one above the other, mostly of silk laminated with gold, overrich in embroidery. The whole is surmounted by a helmet, steel and gold, that rather resembles a tiara. It is very delicately worked—light and ornamented with pearls.

The two sceptres of which so much has been said, are shaped like a very elongated C, or rather as a broad bow, the ends curved in and

much flattened out, to admit the settings of jade, green and white, that precious stone of which Chinese poets are so lavish in their verses.

Two enormous chimeras weighing each above six hundred pounds, present every possible writhing of form, and prove that the Chinese even surpass the western world in delicacy of casting. There are besides various monsters which it would be hard to characterize. Such utter departures from the forms of nature can only be the result of a civilization in which the arbitrary has usurped the place of free art. There is enough of imagination or rather fancy displayed in all. But it seems like the sickly creations of a feverish dream in which all shapes mingle and run confusedly into each other giving rise to whimsical, grotesque combinations.

The admirable porcelain cups, etc, compare more favorably with the productions of Sevres.

—*Daily Advertiser.*

From The Spectator.

SEASONS WITH THE SEA-HORSES.*

MAN is a pursuing and destroying animal. In all ages of the world he has distinguished himself by the amount of game that he has run down or rode down, that he has slaughtered with javelins, trapped in pits, slain with arrows, shot with muskets, or otherwise secured. Wherever there is any thing to catch there is pretty nearly always a man to catch it; and if there be not one close at hand, there very soon will be. There is a rapture in adventure, a delight in danger, a pleasure in acquisition, a satisfaction in killing any thing with your own gun, or getting any thing off your own hook, which redoubles the locomotive powers, and give men a proud consciousness of their superior dignity. In the old days this war with the noble savages of forest and jungle had something heroic in it; and the praise of being a mighty hunter before the Lord, if literally understood, is a fine tribute of poetic commendation in which even Nimrod himself might exult. Civilization diminishes and even destroys the opportunities for practising this kind of heroism. In Europe, and in England especially, the dastardly battue is a favorite resource of the degenerate sons of the old wolf-slaying, boar-spearing Celts and Normans. This kind of killing made easy, however, does not always satisfy the more adventurous of our English sportsmen. Hence, in late days, we have heard of a famous crusade against the lion in Africa, while a raid on the sea-horse, in the north of Europe, just now provokes the enterprise, taxes the powers, and stimulates the ingenuity of the sporting manhood of England.

Foremost among the occupants of this new hunting-ground is Mr. James Lamont, a gentleman who appears to have been very nearly everywhere; that is, everywhere where a gentleman ought to have been. He has not only employed his old battered opera-glass, he tells us, in its legitimate occupation of gazing at the collective loveliness of London, Paris, Florence, Naples, and New York; he has not only seen with it great races at Epsom, great reviews in the Champ-de-Mars, great bull-fights in the amphitheatre at Seville; he has not only used it to

stalk red deers in the Highlands, and scaly crocodiles on the sand-banks of the Nile, to read hieroglyphics on the temples of Thebes and Karnak, to peer through loopholes at the batteries of the Redan and the Malakoff, to gaze over the splendid cane-fields of the West Indies from the mountain peaks of Trinidad and Martinique, over Cairo from the tops of the Pyramids, over the holy city of Jerusalem from the top of Mount Calvary—but he has taken the measure of a polar bear with it, and explored through its lens the geological, zoölogical, and botanical characteristics of the frozen North.

Mr. Lamont made his first trip to Spitzbergen in 1858; and, notwithstanding his cool reception, he was so delighted with the promise of physical and intellectual recreation, that he soon made up his mind to have another trip to the region of the bear and walrus. Before he set out he was requested by the Liberal party of a Scottish county to become a candidate in the approaching election. "The result, by a very narrow majority proved unfortunate for—the walruses;" and the liberated patriot, accompanied by his friend Lord David Kennedy, a renowned Indian sportsman, got on board a clur little tub of a sloop, the Anna Louisa, about thirty tons British measurement, sailed from Leith Roads on the 6th June, 1859, and after being nearly run down by a tug-steamer during a dense fog off Aberdeen, and beating through the middle of the Orkney Islands on the 9th and 11th, with a heavy sea and the wind desperately ahead, ran up the noble Vamsen Fiord on the 16th, and finally reached Hammerfest on the 23d.

Walrus-hunting with all its wild excitement soon began. Mr. Lamont's animated narrative tells us how the boat, propelled by five pairs of oars, flies through the water, while a hundred walruses roar, bellow, blow, snort, splash, and "make an acre of the sea all in a foam before and around her;" it describes the harpooner standing with one foot on the thwart, and the other on the front locker, with the line coiled and the long weapon balanced for a dart; it pictures first, a hundred grisly heads and long gleaming white tusks appearing momentarily above the waves, to get a mouthful of fresh air, then a hundred brown hemispherical backs, then "a hundred pair of hind-flippers flourishing, and then they are all down."

* *Seasons with the Sea-Horses*; or, Sporting Adventures in the Northern Seas. By James Lamont, Esq., F.G.S. Hurst and Blackett.

The walrus, sea-horse, or morse, is an inoffensive beast, if let alone; but hunted, it becomes infuriated and dangerous. It staves in boats with its tusks, or charges and upsets them. A poor fellow, the harpooner of a boat thus capsized, was selected by one of these enraged beasts out of the number of those precipitated into the water, and nearly torn into halves with its tusks. In hunting the walrus, the calf should always, if possible, be struck first, for the old sea-horses have a "curious clannish practice" of coming to assist a young one in distress, and its little plaintive grunting cry brings the whole herd round the boat in a few seconds, rearing up breast high, with frightful menace of deadly aggression.

Let us now say a word of the general equipment, implements, and tackle of walrus-hunting, gathering our information from the vigorous, dashing, and business-like narrative of Mr. Lamont. A good walrus-boat for five men should be twenty-one feet long by five feet beam, having her main breadth about one-third from the bow. She should always be carvel-built, because this description of boat is less liable to damage from the ice and the tusks of the walruses. Each man rows with a pair of oars hung in grummetts to stout single tholepins; the steersman rowing with his face to the bow, and the harpooner always taking the bow oars. Then there must be five enormous lances, with shafts nine feet long, to lie on the thwarts, with the blades protected in a box; two axes for decapitating the dead walrus, five or six sharp knives for stripping the skin and blubber off the animal, an ice-anchor, a compass, a telescope, rifle, ammunition, certain provisions, and various implements and utensils. These are the absolute necessities. One *luxury* is allowed—a bag of mackintosh cloth lined with fur, to crawl into in severe weather. We understand Mr. Lamont to have had two walrus-boats built in Hammerfest, and to have engaged two skilful harpooners and a crew, natives of the North, English sailors being of little or no use in the walrus-boat service. The walrus is sometimes killed with the harpoon, sometimes with the lance, and sometimes with the rifle. The rifles Mr. Lamont and his friend used were elliptical four-barrelled Lancasters, of 40-gauge; with a charge of five drachms of powder and a bullet hard-

ened by an admixture of tin, they generally succeeded in smashing the walruses' skulls. Our adventurers had capital sport, killing, in Spitzbergen, in the summer of the year 1859, forty-six walruses, eighty-eight seals, eight polar bears, one white whale, and sixty-one reindeer; total, two hundred and four head.

Spitzbergen, if we except the settlement of Smeerenberg, or Blubbers Town, has never been inhabited. Discovered in 1596 by William Barentz, a Dutchman, it became in the early part of the seventeenth century the seat of the most flourishing whale-fishery that ever existed. Permanent colonization was contemplated, and merchants offered rewards to their crews to make the perilous attempt to support human life there during the winter, but none could be prevailed on to make the hazardous experiment. At length, "an English company hit upon the ingenious and economical idea of trying it upon some criminals who were under sentence of death in London; but so terrified were they at the cheerless prospects which awaited them, that when the fleet was about to depart, after conveying them to this region of north-east winds and early snows, they entreated the captain to take them back to London, and let them be hanged, in pursuance of their original sentence." A similarly unfavorable impression of the Spitzbergen climate seems to have been entertained by at least one of Mr. Lamont's crew. One day some of the sailors were heard discussing the respective merits of hot and cold countries, and in answer to the remark that although "neither rum nor tobacco grew in Spitzbergen, still the continual 'blow out' of fat reindeer might be considered a point in its favor, the dissident replied, 'Well, Bob, all I can say is, that I would a deuced sight rather go to the West Indies and be hanged there, than die a natural death in this here — country.'"

Hard and dangerous as is the life of the Spitzbergen walrus-hunters, the hides, the ivory, and the oil are a rich material compensation for the privations and perils which these reckless and energetic adventurers have to encounter. Under the inducements offered by the merchants of Tromsø and Hammerfest, the best seamen and boldest spirits of the north of Norway, "true descendants and successors of the gallant Vik-

ings and Berserkars," are generally found in the Spitzbergen sealers.

Besides his vivid accounts of the sports of the North, his descriptions of scenery, and record of grave or amusing incidents, Mr. Lamont gives us occasional notices of men and manners, or jots down facts of natural history that came under his own observation. Thus, the clannish practice among the walruses of coming to assist a calf in distress already mentioned, received actual illustration before his own eyes. It is said that this practice arises from the habit of combination to resist the attacks of the polar bear. If tempted by hunger and opportunity, Bruin is so ill-advised as to snap a calf, the whole herd seize him, drag him under water, and tear him to pieces with their long sharp tusks. The first bear Mr. Lamont secured was found bird's-nesting, in a low, black, rocky island; multitudes of gulls, fulmars, eider-ducks, and alcas being "in a state of great perturbation at Bruin's oölogical researches." A strange prejudice prevails among the people in most parts of Norway. They never allude to a bear by his name, but adopt some appropriate eupheucism, as, "old Eric," or "the party in the brown jacket," or "the old gentleman in the fur cloak," on the same principle, we suppose, on which our ancestors avoided directly speaking of the fairies, or on which the old Greeks called the Furies Eumenides, or well-meaning persons.

There are many passages on climate, geography, geology, and other cognate subjects in Mr. Lamont's briskly written and racy volume, on which we would willingly comment, but we must limit ourselves to one or two points only. We have long understood, to use the words of a splendid expositor in science and philosophy, "that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night owe their color to the marvellous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant (*Protococcus nivalis*)." Mr. Lamont, however, who is certainly a man with eyes in his head, and the gift to use them, states "that all the red snow which has come under his observation has been simply caused by the coloring matter contained in the droppings of millions of little ants," and, while allowing that minute reddish fungi afterwards grow on the droppings, expresses his total unbelief in fungi growing on the

snow *per se*. We neither accept nor reject Mr. Lamont's explanation, but in our zeal for communicating facts observed, or thought to be observed, we take pleasure in reporting this.

One more report takes us "into the deep waters of controversy at once," or, rather, takes our author there, for we have no intention of defending any hypothesis. It is our part to record hypotheses, and to adduce the facts that make for or against them. Mr. Lamont, then, after an attentive study of the arctic animals, declares himself favorably inclined to "the theory of progressive development, first suggested by the illustrious Lamarck, and since so ably expounded and defended, under somewhat modified forms, by the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' and by Mr. Charles Darwin." Accordingly, the more he observes nature, and the more he reflects on the subject, the more he is "convinced that Almighty God always carries out his intentions with regard to the animal creation, not by 'direct interpositions' of his will, not by 'special fiat of creation,' but by the slow and gradual agency of natural causes." We wish we could exhibit the argument which Mr. Lamont employs, to show that the polar bear is only a variety of the bears inhabiting Northern Europe, Asia, and America; or the evidence which he contends we have to superinduce the belief that the great seal or the walrus, or some allied animal, now extinct, has been the progenitor of the whales and other cetaceans. One fact only we will cite in favor of the theory that creation is the result of "slow and gradual causes, and in opposition to that of abrupt, unnatural, and uncalled-for interpositions of the Divine will." In a district of South Africa, not larger than Britain, says Mr. Lamont, "there are well known to exist nearly thirty varieties of antelopes, from the huge eland of six feet in height, and two thousand pounds in weight, to the diminutive blue-buck of eight pounds or nine pounds weight, and twelve inches high." Now that each and all of these numerous varieties or species of antelopes were originally brought into being separately and distinctly, as we see them now, Mr. Lamont refuses to believe. He refuses to believe that one variety was specially created for this petty locality, and another for that; that there was a special

interposition of Providence to create a variety about the outskirts of the desert, which should only drink water once in three or more days, and other varieties which should be absolute non-drinkers.

Our author, it should perhaps be said, expresses himself interrogatively, while we have taken the liberty, without, as we conceive, altering his meaning, to translate his questions into affirmation. Modestly disclaiming the title of scientific naturalist, Mr. Lamont knows how to observe, and not only knows how to observe, but *has* observed. He has seen vast portions of South Africa undergoing a rapid desiccation, a desiccation which he thinks sufficient to account for the various antelope transformations; he has seen the white bear dive for a short distance like the walrus, that "plain and unmistakable link between animals inhabiting the land and the cetaceans, or whales," and he conceives the polar bear to have *become* a

polar bear by living on seals, and therefore supposes that the seal and the walrus were originated *first*.

Though acknowledging that he follows Mr. Darwin in these remarks, Mr. Lamont claims for the chapter in which he vindicates the theory of natural selection an independent inspiration, the substance of the chapter having been written in Spitzbergen before the "Origin of Species" was published.

An appendix containing a list of fossils, etc., sent to the Geological Society, and an illustrative map of the north of Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Spitzbergen, etc., complete in a volume which we have found entertaining, thoughtful, and spirit-stirring. One special merit it has: there is no attempt at rhetoric in it. Mr. Lamont tells his story in a nervous, direct, intelligent, and manly way. We recommend every one to read his *Seasons with the Sea-horses*.

EARLY CARLYESE. "There be some that in composition are nothing, but what is rough and broken: *Que per salebras atque saxa cadunt*. And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly, that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are looked on. And this vice, one that in authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that oftentimes the faults which he fell into, the others seek for; this is the danger, when vice becomes a precedent."—*Ben Jonson's Discoveries*.

THE RIGHT USE OF BOOKS.—"Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books—how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods and ferulas, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating, you interrogate them,

they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."—*Philobiblon*, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, 1344.

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—*Bacon*, Essay on Studies.

"Few have been sufficiently sensible of the importance of that economy in reading which selects almost exclusively the very first order of books. Why should a man, except for some special reason, read a very inferior book at the very time he might be reading one of the very highest order?"—*Foster's Essays*.

EARLY TIPPERARY JOBS.—"Eudoxus. You are no good friend to new captains; it seems, Ireneus, that you bar them from the credit of this service; but to say truth, methinks it were meet that any one before he came to be a captain should have been a soldier; for *parere qui nescit, nescit imperare*. And besides, there is a great wrong done to the old soldier, from whom all means of advancement which is due unto him, is cut off, by shuffling in these new captains into the place for which he hath long served, and perhaps better deserved."—*Spenser's State of Ireland*.

From The Saturday Review.

THE GREATEST OF ALL THE PLANTAGENETS. *

It was a great day for Hume when Mr. Hallam spoke of him as "the first writer who had the merit of exposing the character of Edward I." So far as the compliment is deserved, Hume was guided to the truth, not by the light of industry and historical criticism, but by that of Scotch prejudice against the invader of Scotland. The value of his critical researches into this period of history is settled at once by his countenancing the story of Edward's massacre of the Welsh bards—a piece of carelessness, or rather of indolent injustice, singularly disgraceful, since not only is the story unsupported by any shadow of contemporary evidence, but it also happens that no centuries were more prolific of the nonsensical rhapsodies of the bards than those which followed their alleged extirpation. However, time and labor enough—and more than enough—have been spent in confuting Hume. He is honored far above his deserts in having his loose notions combated, as they are, expressly or tacitly, through a considerable portion of Mr. Hallam's *Constitutional History*. The time is come when, due credit being allowed him for the purity and gracefulness of his style, he may be set down in other respects as simply worthless, and ignored in all future discussions. A century hence, probably even the University of Oxford will remove him from the list of standard writers which she recommends to students. About the same period she may be expected to discover that England had a history before the Norman Conquest.

Mr. Augustus Clifford undertakes to clear the memory of Edward I., not only from the charge of injustice and cruelty in the cases of Scotland and Wales, but also from that of arbitrary tendencies in his domestic government. As regards Scotland and Wales, we are disposed, to a great extent, to accept the vindication; and even as regards the charge of domestic tyranny, though we cannot go the whole length with Mr. Clifford, we admit that some impression has been made. The substance of his case, as regards Wales, is that Llewellyn, as a great vassal of the English Crown, had been

guilty of repeated acts of contumacy in refusing to attend the lawful summons of his suzerain, that he had justly forfeited his fief according to the international law of that age, and that he was treated by Edward with great mildness and forbearance. More than two years were employed in endeavors to bring Llewellyn back to his duty as a vassal by gentle and courteous means. War was then declared against him; but when he had been reduced to sue for peace, not only were mild terms granted, but much was abated even of those mild terms by the generosity of the conqueror. The fine of £50,000 was remitted, the stipulated tribute for Anglesea given up, the hostages restored. Hume suggests that the fine was remitted because "the poverty of the country made it impossible that it should be levied." But Mr. Clifford observes, with great truth, that a designing conqueror would have retained Llewellyn as his debtor, and exacted a cession of territory on default of payment of the debt. No Welshman will agree with us, but we are disposed to think, with Mr. Clifford, that "Edward's real purpose was to make Llewellyn his royal vassal and friend." It seems to us a just observation, though pressed rather too far, that when Llewellyn's brother and enemy, David, was brought by the king to England, and created an earl, with a great estate and an earl's daughter in marriage, so as to make him, by interest and connection, an English noble, proof was given that the king had no sinister design of playing off one brother against the other. Had there been such a design, David would have been subsidized no doubt, but he would have been left in Wales, instead of being thus taken out of Llewellyn's way. Celtic levity, unveracity, and belief in prophecies, ultimately drove the two brothers on their ruin. The cause for which David was condemned and executed would have seemed sufficient to any jurist or moralist of those times. The complicated punishment of hanging, disembowelling, and quartering, to which he was sentenced for his various offences of treason, murder, sacrilege, and conspiracy, would seem as natural and regular then as it seems revolting now. It is absurd to fix on Edward, individually, a charge of peculiar barbarity on this account. On the other hand, it is not rational to cite

* *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets*. An Historical Sketch. By Augustus Clifford. London: Bentley. 1860.

the separate interment of different parts of Queen Eleanor's body as a parallel to her fond husband's dismemberment of his rebellious vassal. It will be argued by Mr. Clifford's opponents that he assumes the feudal obligation on the part of Llewellyn to have been somewhat more distinctly admitted than it was, and that he generally treats the Celtic principality too rigorously as a territory governed, as to the rule of succession and otherwise, by the principles of the feudal law. Hume probably calls David "a sovereign prince" at a venture. But we apprehend he might very well have been accepted by the Welsh as their sovereign, even though his elder brother "had not died childless." The settlement of Wales, after its annexation to England, was conducted in a statesman-like and beneficent spirit, and after a careful inquiry into the native laws and customs of the people. None but very fanatical devotees of "nationality" can doubt that the annexation itself, putting an end to incessant raids on the one side and retaliatory invasions on the other, while it was a benefit to the stronger, was an unspeakable benefit to the weaker nation.

As to the matter of Scotland, it has always seemed to us that, regard being had to the circumstances and sentiments of that age, Edward's conduct was as defensible as his ambition in desiring to unite the whole island and put an end to border wars was rational and beneficent. The most questionable feature in it is his taking advantage of his position as an arbiter to obtain *pendente lite*, from the suitors for the Scotch crown, a recognition of his doubtful claim to the feudal sovereignty of Scotland. The arbitration itself was certainly not undertaken by him without due invitation. The Bishop of St. Andrew's the first of the four guardians and representatives of the kingdom, wrote to him "entreating him to approach the Border, to give consolation to the people of Scotland, to prevent the effusion of blood, and to enable the faithful men of the realm to preserve their oath, by choosing him for their king *who by right ought to be so.*" The "great army" which Hume asserts Edward to have carried with him to the meeting at Norham—thus "betraying the Scottish barons into a situation in which it was impossible for them to make any defence"—

vanishes, under the critical examination of Mr. Clifford, into the elements of which Hume's facts are commonly composed.

The acknowledgment of the feudal supremacy of the king of England was not made by the Scottish barons under duress, though it was made in expectation of his award, and is somewhat tainted on that account. No satisfactory proof can be adduced of any intention on the part of Edward to disturb the continuance of the Scottish royalty, which he left unmolested for four years, and with which he then interfered on sufficient feudal grounds. The justice of his decision as arbiter in favor of Baliol is not questionable; and that he should have decided justly is a considerable proof of his good faith in the whole transaction. Had his designs been sinister, his policy would have been to set up a usurper, whose only title would have been the protection of his patron, or even to have embraced the doctrine that the kingdom of Scotland was partible between the three female lines, and to have weakened it fatally by division.

We presume Mr. Clifford will never think of venturing his person north of the Tweed after his handling of Robert Bruce and "Wallays, or Wallace." He, however, makes out a strong case for pronouncing Bruce, who was the first to acknowledge the feudal superiority of Edward, not the patriot leader that our fancy has painted him, but a Norman adventurer on the look-out for a kingdom, which he most gallantly and skillfully won. It is a still unkindler deed to make out that the victor of Bannockburn was more a Yorkshireman than a Scotchman. The magnitude of Wallace's glory had already been considerably reduced by the criticism of Lingard. The "Lion" appeared in only two battles—that of Stirling, which he won, with small exertion of military genius, through the insane presumption of the English commanders—and that of Falkirk, in which he was utterly defeated, and sank to rise no more. He is more than once compared by Mr. Clifford to Nana Sahib, and unquestionably the atrocities laid to his charge will bear a comparison with those of Cawnpore. In Wallace's raid on the northern counties of England, neither age nor sex was spared. English men and women were made to dance naked before the "hero," while he pricked them with swords and

lances; infants were slain at their mothers' breasts, and a whole schoolful of boys was burnt alive. Priests and monks were involved in the general massacre. Hume speaks philosophically of these exploits as "some acts of violence committed during the fury of war," but Scottish minstrelsy celebrates them in a simpler strain. The death of Wallace in the national cause has naturally exalted his name and extenuated his atrocities in the eyes of his compatriots; yet to treat him as a national hero is to condemn the Scottish nation, who unquestionably left him, in the crisis of his fate, without sympathy or support. In excepting this bloodthirsty "patriot" from his magnanimous clemency, Edward was certainly justified by the sentiment of his own age. We expect some Scottish champion to take up his pen against the iconoclast of Scottish heroism, and in the mean time hold our judgment somewhat in suspense.

The garrison of Stirling, under Oliphant, held out against Edward for three months after the complete submission of the rest of the kingdom and its authorities, as private adventurers; and after a difficult and expensive siege, were compelled, by the imminence of an assault, to surrender at discretion. Edward spared the lives of the whole garrison, with the exception of one English traitor found among them, and only ordered them into temporary confinement, "without chains." History may contemptuously permit prejudice to stigmatize this conduct as "ungenerous." What would be said if the governor of Messina were to hold out for several months on his private account, and cause great expense and effusion of blood, after the flight or abdication of Francis II.?

With regard to domestic affairs, Mr. Clifford fails to convince us that Edward did not display some arbitrary tendencies and

do some despotic acts, or that those who withstood his encroachments, even though they may have been actuated by somewhat narrow motives, did not deserve well of their country. It would have been strange indeed if a ruler and legislator called upon to contend with a very anarchical state of things had not sometimes, in quelling anarchy, laid a threatening hand on liberty, or if a man inspired with vast and, on the whole, beneficent designs, had, in carrying his designs into effect, always respected the forms of a half-settled constitution. Mr. Clifford does not fail to convince us that Edward on the whole showed a true and noble sympathy with open councils and the spirit of free institutions, and that he is entitled at least to divide the political glory of Simon de Montfort as the founder of a national representation. The greatest blot on his escutcheon is his application to the Pope for a bull cancelling the concessions respecting the royal forests to which he had perhaps improvidently bound himself in 1301. In this instance perhaps alone, amidst a treacherous and intriguing generation, he was false to his own indignant motto, *Pactum serva*. Mr. Clifford, while disclaiming any intention of justifying this proceeding, does, in effect, justify it as a "conscientious" and "honest" action according to the measure of moral and religious light which Edward, in a papal age, possessed. But this is to resign the claim to a morality and a sense of honor superior to those of his age which Mr. Clifford has advanced on behalf of the great object of his admiration, and, as we think, justly advanced.

We should not do justice if we were to conclude without a general acknowledgment of the value and interest of this work, which will take its place among the best essays (it is rather an essay than a "sketch") on special periods of English history.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS, a lady who is foremost in every benevolent undertaking, has erected in London a number of dwellings for the poor. These houses are large and convenient, while the rents are fixed at a sum which

will yield three per cent on the outlay. Up to the present time the results have been most satisfactory. The buildings are always tenanted, while the tenants are orderly in conduct and regular in paying their rents.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. v. and vi. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1860.

WITH so large an instalment of Mr. Froude's work as the public now possess, it may be advisable for us, before entering upon a detailed examination of the present volumes, to give some answer to the question, which has lately been captiously asked, and not over-candidly answered; viz., is Mr. Froude a great historian, or, at least, high in the rank of those who nearly approach that distinction? And in making this attempt we shall refer more than once to the notices of Mr. Froude's last two volumes which appeared in the *Times* of August 31 and September 1, 1860. The writer of those notices endeavors, as we think, in an unworthy spirit, and with insufficient knowledge, to damn Mr. Froude with faint praise. His own brilliant but superficial sentences have derived all their lustre from the pages at which he sneers. He runs on, column after column, with words and thoughts which recall the history so exactly, that one is often inclined to wonder that the reviewer should have omitted to insert the usual formula of quotation. We have been unable to discover more than *one fact* (the price of wheat per quarter in 1556) which has not been borrowed from Mr. Froude's copious treasury. And if the susceptibilities of the historian be wounded by the criticisms of the writer in the *Times*, we would remind him of the brilliant lines in which Byron expands the thought which was originally introduced into English poetry by Waller, of the wounded eagle's pang in feeling that "she nursed the pinion which impelled the steel."

The reviewer—whose delineation of the character of Mary, and general conception of the causes of the reactionary movement in English society, which at first so perfectly fell in with her religious bigotry, are copied, touch after touch, from the sixth volume of the history—seems to consider that Mr. Froude has three capital deficiencies.

The first of these may be expressed by the ugly barbarism—"non-eventuality"—which is, we believe, employed by the critic

himself. The charge is certainly not without some foundation. We remarked, about a year ago, that Mr. Froude's power lies more in the delineation of individual character than in unwinding the sequence of events. His book is a table covered with miniatures in jewelled cases—a gallery hung with portraits. It is an album of detached landscapes, rather than a true and complete chart. Faces sad or cheerful, brave or mean—the young and holy Jane Grey, the superstitious Mary, the profligate Courtenay; Cranmer, beautiful through all his weakness; Latimer, the stout and good; Pole, the slave of Rome and the rebel against England, dying amidst the wreck of all his hopes—look upon us in rapid succession. Each is painted with a master's hand, and once seen can never be forgotten, the study is so finished and the lines so firm. Mary, in especial, has never been so well drawn; never, perhaps, so kindly delineated by a Protestant pen, yet never made so heavy a burden for Romanism to bear. It is instructive, and almost amusing to read the closing summary of Mr. Froude's sixth volume, with its intense yet suppressed indignation, and its unerring vigor of conception and expression, beside the faint and vacillating apologetic of Lingard. Yet, it must be admitted, that while we gaze with pleasure at these admirable sketches, we are sometimes apt to be confused. Time and place are recovered by the aid of awkward commonplaces, rather than in virtue of the smooth unwinding of the thread which the historian holds to guide us through the labyrinth. He has not the art of introducing naturally, openings through which the reader can take in the lie of the position, as Cardinal Perron praised a painter for the introduction of a window into a picture of a palace, through which the stretch of woods into the distance could be hinted to the eye. But this want of dramatic purpose in the narrative is supplied, in all essentials, by copious and accurate summaries, enriched by well-chosen citations from contemporary documents, in many cases hitherto unpublished. Let it be considered, also, that inferiority in bringing out the sequence of events is not so considerable a drawback in a historian of that period, if it be supplied by a marked superiority in the delineation of character. The lives of the great men in the reigns of Ed-

ward a
the liv
can ne
history
covered
remark
R. Pee
Pusey,
ton; i
ence, 4
politic
itary b
and va
a smal
few wa
some
lost in
surging
of the
lish hi
porten
other
of the
ing br
paint
thing
The
makes
style a
dicts h
as if h
and af
with w
Times
charm
forms
pictur
after
Froude
got o
inter
divert
cies;
ited t
Mr. F
inter
sible.
and,
tive, l
we ne
the c
ward
out a
lier v
upon

ward and Mary are history in a sense which the lives of the notables of Queen Victoria can never be. How small a part of the real history of the last twenty years would be covered by the best delineation of its most remarkable men. Lord Palmerston and Sir R. Peel in politics; Spurgeon, Whately, and Pusey, in theology; in philosophy, Hamilton; in engineering, Stephenson; in science, Airey and Sir William Hamilton; in political economy, Mill and Ricardo; in military history, Outram and Clyde—are great and varied names. Yet all these cover but a small portion of the field. They are but a few waves of a vast tide of life, with crests somewhat higher than the rest, yet almost lost in the multitudinous billows that are surging up around them. But at the period of the Reformation the whole field of English history is wellnigh covered with a few portentous shadows; or, to allude to the other figure already employed, the fountains of the great deep of English life are just being broken up, and he who can observe and paint the first great rollers, has given something like an adequate picture of the crisis.

The second objection which the reviewer makes to Mr. Froude is connected with his style and manner, although here he contradicts himself so curiously that it would seem as if he allowed his pen to run at random, and after a few sentences forgot the thought with which he started. The article in the *Times* speaks almost at the outset of "the charm of Mr. Froude's manner," and informs us that "his style is graceful, often *picturesque*, and generally interesting." Yet after a brief interval it is asserted that Mr. Froude has, with the death of Henry VIII., got over a factitious theory, the polemical interest of whose logical development has diverted attention from his artistic deficiencies; so that "the duty of criticism is limited to a question of style. Unhappily for Mr. Froude this is a question which, in his interest, ought to be deferred as long as possible. He has *no talent for the picturesque*; and, after Prescott's highly colored narrative, his page seems poor and tame." Now, we never defended Mr. Froude's style from the charge of occasional haste and awkwardness. In a former article we pointed out a few blemishes which disfigured his earlier volumes. As we write, our eyes rests upon a vigorous and dramatic chapter,

headed "*Calais*," in which the word *said* occurs thirteen times within seven pages, in taking up the turns of certain dialogues between conspirators against Queen Mary, in 1556.

We must remonstrate once more against the clumsy pivot for bringing us from one place to another, "The scene changes;" and we dislike such questionable expressions as "bad patriotism" (vol. vi., 460), which is simply a barbarism. Yet we should be ashamed if we did not feel the noble and careless charms of a style which is at once so tender and so manly, so picturesque without mawkish affectation of coloring, and so strong without the ostentation of strength. The cobbler in the old story set a great master right: but it was on the fit of a shoe. The Turk, to whom was exhibited the great picture of the Decollation of the Baptist, dwelt with severity of animadversion on the fact that the skin did not shrink from the wounded part of the neck. From the shoemaker's and butcher's point of view the criticisms were, no doubt, unexceptionable. But after all they were the petty remarks of a cobbler and a headsman. If genius has been rightly defined as the faculty of adding to the existing stock of knowledge by new views and new combinations, as originality in intellectual construction, Mr. Froude's style is the vehicle of genius. The shoes in his picture may not fit with irreproachable accuracy; the skin of his sentences may not always wrinkle precisely at the orthodox line; yet the critic who is displaying the extent of his acquirements by disparaging remarks may be exhibiting at the same time the depth of his littleness. We do not think that the epithet *picturesque* conveys the very highest order of praise. In some respects painted are superior to written or spoken signs; in a thousand other, they are inferior—inferior in precision, in pliancy, in delicacy of association. The writer who is *picturesque*, and nothing more, may be deficient in all the highest mental capacities. Women, who are more subtly observant than men, can almost always write picturesquely when they have the slightest technical mastery over language. To be picturesque, and nothing more, is to paint with words and not with colors; and, therefore, to draw with an inferior pencil. But, in truth, we know few historians who in this department can

compete with Mr. Froude. We need only quote a few sentences almost at random. In the history of Wyatt's rising, Wyatt examines London Bridge on a dark February night in 1554. His survey is described in these words:—

"On Sunday or Monday night Wyatt scaled the leads of the gatehouse, climbed into a window, and descended the stairs into the lodge. The porter and his wife were nodding over the fire. The rebel leader bade them on their lives be still, and stole along in the darkness to the chain, from which the drawbridge had been cut away. There, looking across the black gulf, where the river was rolling below, he saw the dusky mouths of four gaping cannon, and beyond them, in the torchlight, Lord Howard himself, keeping watch with the guard."

When the supposed symptoms of Mary's pregnancy pass away, the processions, in which the priests kept up the farce, are hit off with a few racy touches, happily tinted with a laughing light of rough old English humor:—

"Mary assured her attendants that all was well, and that she felt the motion of her child. The physicians professed to be satisfied, and the priests were kept at work at the litanies. Up and down the streets they marched, through city and suburb, park and square; torches flared along Cheapside at midnight behind the Holy Sacrament, and five hundred poor men and women from the almshouse walked two and two, telling their beads in their withered fingers. Such marching, such chanting, such praying, was never heard or seen before or since in London streets. A profane person ran one day out of the crowd and hung about a priest's neck, where the beads should be, a string of puddings; but they whipped him, and prayed on."

The condition of the unhappy queen, in May, 1555, is told in some inimitable sentences, which are the more admirable for the accuracy of the ground colors, derived as they are from some dull sentences in a despatch of Noailles to Montmorency—

"Her women now understood her condition: she was sick of a mortal disease; but they durst not tell her. And she whose career had been painted out to her by the legate as especial and supernatural, looked only for supernatural causes of her present state. Throughout May she remained in her apartments waiting—waiting—in passionate restlessness. With stomach swollen, and features shrunk and haggard, she would

sit upon the floor, with her knees drawn up to her face in an agony of doubt; and, in mockery of her wretchedness, letters were again strewed about the place by an invisible agency, telling her that she was hated by her people."

The following portrait of Latimer is as true, yet as grand, fresh, and simple as that of Foxe himself:—

"Latimer was then introduced—eighty years old now—dressed in an old threadbare gown of Bristol frieze, a handkerchief on his head, with a nightcap over it; and over that again another cap, with two broad flaps buttoned under the chin. A leather belt was round his waist, to which his Testament was attached; his spectacles, without a case, hung from his neck. So stood the greatest man, perhaps, then living in the world, a prisoner on his trial, waiting to be condemned to death by men professing to be the ministers of God. So it was in the days of the prophets, so it was in the Son of man's days; as it was in the days of the Son of man, so was it in the Reformer's days."

Here, too, is a picture of a warrior, Lord Grey:—

"Grey was a fierce, stern man. It was Grey who hung the priests in Oxfordshire from their church towers. It was Grey who led the fiery charge upon the Scots at Musselburgh, and with a pike wound, which laid open cheek, tongue, and palate, he 'pursued out the chase,' till, choked by heat, dust, and his own blood, he was near falling under his horse's feet."

The bestowal of the epithet *picturesque* must, in the long run, be left to the adjudication of taste. But the standard of literary taste is not quite as capricious as that of the taste for claret or *Dindon-aux-truffes*. The critic who should read Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes" with that shuddering concentration of cold—

"The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold," with those lines descriptive of the casement and the diamonded panes, that literally seem to blush with deep, damasked tints—with that matchless Alexandrine,—

"And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor;"

or who should turn to "Hyperion," and unconverted by—

"Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud;"

or,—

"Where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest,"

should maintain that this varied power of coloring, this capacity of seizing salient points and compressing the essence of whole descriptions into a touch or two, was accidental, and that "Mr. Keats had no talent for the picturesque;"—such a critic might be an accomplished gentleman, but he would preach to us in vain. And similarly in Mr. Froude's case: his pencil is equally at home, and his lights and shadows equally natural, however varied the subject may be. The conspirator grimly peering over the black gulf of night, the river rolling below, the dusky culverins on the far side, and the plumed and booted figure in the light beyond; the priests marching with their mummeries in the procession; the hysterical queen, the brave old martyr, the fierce knight, with his gashed face—each is struck out from musty parchment and dry volume, like a photograph, by the sunbeam of historic genius; and to say that "Mr. Froude has no talent for the picturesque," is to maintain a silly and spiteful paradox.

The reviewer has a third and more "architectonic" objection to Mr. Froude.

"We at once leap," he says, "to the conclusion that there were people of simple faith and noble aspiration in those days, who were raised high above the petty concerns which trouble nations now. They thought more of the remission of sins than of the reduction of taxes. The Bible supplied the place of consols in public regard. The rate of wages and the price of mutton were matters of indifference; but the sermon preached at Paul's Cross and the last bull from the pope were affairs of the highest moment. Whether the revenue of the year was short and the expenditure of the country was excessive were inquiries completely overshadowed by questions relating to the religious nurture of the boy-king, or the religious sentiments of the queen's betrothed. We observe that the whole nation is intent on mighty speculations as to faith and free-will, the real presence, the pope's authority, and justification by faith; and it is only when we come to the appendix that we find huddled together a few scraps of information as to the state of the currency, the price of wheat, and the amount of the public income. That three hundred years ago a nation which now grovels in pursuit of gain, and aims at physical perfection, was all for romances and spiritual profit, is a fallacy which we leave to the poet, but deny to the historian. With regard to our own history, a purifying criticism is required similar to that which the

German scholars have applied to the early legends of Greece and Rome."

In the same smart, but we venture to think superficial, strain, Mr. Froude's censor deals with the whole reign of Mary. He reminds us of the long list of material evils that darkened those unhappy years. In the year 1555 the crops failed, and there was a famine, during which the queen gave up a fifth part of her revenue to the Church. In 1556, there was another dearth; the commonalty in some counties were grouting like hogs for acorns, and in London mothers were leaving their infants at the doors of wealthier neighbors. In 1557 there was, indeed, a golden harvest; but prices were deranged and capital disturbed. On the back of this fell a heavy war. Then we read of lists of landed and moneyed men being made out for the purpose of a compulsory loan, and of an income-tax of twenty per cent. The reviewer's logic from these premises is singular. "These were the real troubles," he triumphantly exclaims, "that gave a bad name to Mary and her rule. She entered upon her rule with an exhausted treasury. She had to encounter two years of famine. *Therefore* it is that the blood of the martyrs has left an indelible stain upon her memory. *Therefore* it is that the fires of Smithfield have burned black upon the page of history the record of her short, disastrous reign." A notable discovery!—it was not persecution but political economy which has given Mary so unfortunate a character. The epithet which attaches undying infamy to her name, and which can never be washed white short of the judgment-seat, should be commuted for some appellative which might indicate a dear loaf, or famine prices, or a twenty per cent income-tax.

We are not those who would affect to despise political economy. But we cannot consent that the fundamental moral and spiritual laws which hold society together, should be sneered away by plausible Sciolists. Let us remind the clever writer of the extracts which we have cited, of some very old-fashioned, but, as we fancy, most undeniable, truths.

In the first place, then, a consideration of the nature of man, may render it not so perfectly mythical, as he appears to think, that "the remission of sins" should, at least for a season, occupy as much of the popular at-

tention as "the reduction of taxes," and that "the Bible" should be quoted as well as "Consols." The question has not to be decided here of the true character and permanent utility of the movements called Revivals; but it is a simple fact, of which Mr. Froude's critic may convince himself, that so lately as four years ago, hundreds and thousands of American merchants were literally in the condition which he seems to consider an impossibility. For a time, at least, the Bible, the sermon, and the prayer-meeting, were as prominent subjects as cotton and consols. If, then, he will apply his lively imagination, on the one hand, to the principles of human nature which underlie such phenomena as Revivals, and will, on the other hand, remember, that in the reigns of Edward and Mary the most profound questions which can agitate the breasts of men had been flung broadcast among the English people, he may be led to suspect that it is not quite so clear that there is nothing in Mr. Froude's view.

In truth, it is all very well for a historian like Gibbon, to reduce all the springs of human conduct to two—the love of pleasure and the love of action. It follows, smoothly enough, to say that to one of these may be ascribed the agreeable, and to the other the useful, qualifications. And if it be so, the consequence appears plausible enough, that the primitive Christians, to whom pleasure was a peril and action an impertinence, were of an inactive and insensible disposition, incapable of producing either private happiness or public benefit. But this "half-stoic, half-Epicurean homily," as it has been well called, is founded upon an imperfect draught of our nature. It takes no account of conscience, of the moral and religious sentiments. "We know," says Burke, "and it is our pride to know, that man is, by his constitution, a religious animal." The progress of natural history gives these words a meaning beyond that which was attached to them even by their illustrious author. What is the argument on this subject of one of the first philosophers of Europe, who may be well taken as the representative of Natural History? It is substantially this: man forms a reign by himself, the human kingdom. What, then, are the special *differential* phenomena which entitle him to this distinction? They do not exist in the organization

which he has in common with the *mammifera*, and especially the ape, muscle by muscle and nerve by nerve. Experiments upon dogs, rabbits, and frogs, are ever reflecting light upon the human organism. Nor can the *os sublime calumnetueri* of Ovid constitute this *differential*, since ducks and other birds possess this qualification. Even the mental faculties can scarcely be considered the special attribute of humanity, since some faint and rudimental images, at least, of these can be found in other tribes. "Articulate speaking men," is the beautiful and profound epithet of Homer. Yet some animals have a voice. The patient watchers in fields and forests have learned to speak of the *language* of birds and beasts. Agassiz goes so far as to affirm that the growls of some species of bears might be derived from those of other species, by the same process which a linguist like Max Müller would employ to trace the affiliation of Greek to Sanscrit. And as this differential peculiarity cannot be found in organization, in mental capacity or in language, neither is it to be traced in the sentiments and emotions, such as love, hatred, and jealousy, which exist among animals in a wild and rudimental shape. These distinctive facts are consequently and exclusively to be found in the moral region, in the notions of deity and immortality, in morality and religion. This great religious and theistic argument cannot be overthrown by the allegation of languages in which no moral terms occur, as is said to be the case with some Australian dialects, any more than from the absence of certain generic terms, such as *tree*, *fish*, *bird*, we can conclude that the Australian knows no such things. The supposed atheism of the Hottentots and Caffres has vanished upon a closer acquaintance; and Dr. Livingstone vouches for the momentous fact, that the existence of God, and a future life, are universally recognized among the most degraded populations of Africa. A strictly philosophical definition of man, after the fashion of Linnæus, will therefore bring us round to the sentence of Burke. Linnæus characterizes vegetables as "living, non-sentient, organized bodies." He terms animals "living, organized bodies, sentient, and moving themselves spontaneously." On the same principle, the zoölogical characteristic of man, in Linnæan language, ought to be,

"an organized being, living, sentient, endowed with spontaneous movement, with morality and religion." Thus, we come round again with deeper insight to Burke's words, "Man is by his constitution a religious animal;" and see more scientifically the inadequacy of Gibbon's analysis. The mind of Mr. Froude's reviewer must be saturated with that analysis, or it would not seem to him a thing so utterly incredible that at certain crises the moral and religious sentiments, which are actually man's *differentia*, should manifest their existence above those economical and secretive qualities which he possesses in common with the ant and magpie. Mr. Froude believes, that "man shall not live by bread alone," and his censor attacks him for so old a prejudice.

We would further remind the reviewer, that one feeling strongly at work among the English in Mary's reign was, that all the miseries which darkened over the throne and kingdom were the shadow of God's anger. Not all the processions of priests in London; nor the gaudy symbolism of the restored rights; nor the half-simulated, half-hysterical emotion which ran round the Houses of Parliament at the ceremonial of the reconciliation to Rome, and national absolution, pronounced by Pole, could persuade the people that the conduct of Mary was not under a curse. From a false creed, and from the ashes of the martyrs, rose a blight which blackened the golden fields, and visited the queen with the dry breast and miscarrying womb. Possibly this feeling may seem superstitious to the reviewer; and the ways of God in history are to be traced with reverence. Yet, if we read the Apocalypse, not as a compendium of European history by anticipation with the dreamers of the day, but as a magnificent symbolical representation of the principles of universal history, we may be fain to excuse the impression. He who sits on the white horse with the bow and crown, conquering and to conquer, is not Trajan; but One whose name is not to be lightly spoken. The opening of the first seal is not past and gone, but continuous. The red horse of battle tramples ever and anon upon our hills. The black horse sweeps from century to century through the blighted corn and mildewed wheat; and the voice is heard in every famine year, "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three

measures of barley for a penny." Possibly in the eyes of him who saw the vision at Patmos, the peasants and artisans of Mary's reign might be better philosophers than even a writer in the *Times*.

But it is time for us to pass on to a more direct examination of Mr. Froude's volumes; and we will refer to those points which seem to us most worthy of study.

First, then, there is much important truth in the statement, which is brought out with such consistency and clearness, that the English people, on the whole, were discontented with the progress of the Reformation so far, and entertained hopes of Mary. A trail of corruption had followed its pathway over England. A reaction set in upon the extreme Puritanic views, which then were agreeable to an influential and noisy minority, but distasteful to the strong, quiet, common-sense instincts of the most powerful portion of the people. Some of the best men in England occupied the same theological position which we have been assured is now occupied by Garibaldi himself. They had no very strong objection to the ancient ceremonial. They were willing to be Catholics, even Roman Catholics—so far as a moderate theoretical recognition of the primacy of the Roman See—but not Papists by a single inch. One of the great merits of the volume is the strong way in which this is put; and then the stern, chorus-like indignation with which the historian places before us the divine Atë that drove the guilty Church and her miserable tools to lose the great game which lay in their hands. Every section which treats of the papal legate, or Philip and Mary, and of Paul IV., seems to be haunted by a voice chanting *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. In so ardent a Protestant, and with the key to Mr. Froude's words, the reader will not misinterpret this bitter summary:—

"The deliverers of England from the Egyptian bondage of the Papacy had led the people out into a wilderness, where the manna had been stolen by the leaders, and there were no tokens of a promised land. To the universities the Reformation had brought with it desolation; to the people of England it had brought misery and want. The once open hand was closed; the once open heart was hardened; the ancient loyalty of man to man was exchanged for the scuffling of selfishness; the change of faith

had brought with it no increase of freedom, and less of charity. The prisons were crowded, as before, with sufferers for opinion, and the creed of a thousand years was made a crime by a doctrine of yesterday; monks and nuns wandered by hedge and highway, as missionaries of discontent; and pointed, with bitter effect, to the fruits of the new belief, which had been crimsoned in the blood of thousands of English peasants. The English people were not yet so much in love with wretchedness that they would set aside, for the sake of it, a princess whose injuries pleaded for her, whose title was affirmed by Act of Parliament. In the tyranny under which the nation was groaning, the moderate men of all creeds looked to the accession of Mary as to the rolling away of some bad black nightmare."—Vol. vi. p. 28.

And here we may indicate what seems to us a change in Mr. Froude's point of view. It is not the first in his restless intellectual career. The day was, when his brother's memory hung about him—when a dim, sweet blinding spell came over him—when a pomp of ritual attracted him, with its charm of chants and intoxicating incense. This was succeeded by the disenchantment described in the *Nemesis*. After a season of doubt, he began once more to wrestle his way to belief. But his convictions were weak and hesitating. A passionate hatred of priestcraft and dogmatism was the strongest article of his creed. In this mood the first volumes of his history were written. Anglicanism, with its moderate and compromising spirit, was then his abhorrence. But thought, and a deeper acquaintance with the life and writings of Cranmer and Ridley especially, have altered the position of the glass once more. He now sees that compromise is not cowardice, and that the mean, abhorred of youth and passion, is the quiet road by which Truth and Wisdom are wont to walk, scared by the crowd and gabble to the right hand and to the left. This beautiful passage on the Prayer-book could not have stood in the earlier volumes. It expresses a conviction which has been slowly arrived at:—

"As the translation of the Bible bears upon it the imprint of the mind of Tyndal, so, while the Church of England remains, the image of Cranmer will be seen reflected on the calm surface of the Litany. The most beautiful portions of it are translations from

the Breviary; yet the same prayers translated by others would not be those which chime like church bells in the ears of the English child. The translations and the addresses which are original have the same silvery melody of language, and breathe the same simplicity of spirit. So long as Cranmer trusted himself, and would not let himself be dragged beyond his convictions, he was the representative of the feelings of the best among his countrymen. With the reverend love for the past which could appropriate its excellence, he could feel, at the same time, the necessity for change. While he could no longer regard the sacraments with a superstitious idolatry, he saw in them ordinances divinely appointed, and therefore especially if inexplicably sacred. In this temper, for the most part, the English Church Services had now, after patient labor, been at length completed by him, and were about to be laid before Parliament. They had grown slowly. First had come the *Primers* of Henry VIII., then the *Litany* was added, and then the first Communion book. The next step was the *Prayer-book* of 1549; and now at last the complete Liturgy, which survives after three hundred years. In a few sentences, only inserted, apparently, under the influence of Ridley, doctrinal theories were pressed beyond the point to which opinion was legitimately gravitating. The priest was converted absolutely into a minister, the altar into a table, the eucharist into a commemoration, and a commemoration only. But these peculiarities were uncongenial with the rest of the Liturgy, with which they refused to harmonize, and on the final establishment of the Church of England were dropped or modified. They were, in fact, the seed of vital alterations for which the nation was unprepared—which, had Edward lived two years longer, would have produced first the destruction of the Church as a body politic, and then an after-fruit of reaction more inveterate than even the terrible one under Mary. But Edward died before the Liturgy could be further tampered with; and, from amidst the foul weeds in which its roots were buried, it stands up beautiful—the one admirable thing which the unhappy reign produced. Prematurely born, and too violently forced upon the country, it was nevertheless the right thing—the thing which essentially answered to the spiritual demands of the nation. They rebelled against it, because it was precipitately thrust upon them; but services which have over-lived so many storms speak for their own excellence, and speak for the merit of the workman. As the Liturgy was prepared for Parliament and people, so for the convocation and the

clergy, there were drawn up a body of articles of religion—forty-two of them, as they were first devised—thirty-nine, as they are now known to the theological student. These also have survived, and, like other things in this country, have survived their utility and the causes which gave them birth."

But the central figure of this portion of the history is of course Mary herself. It has been drawn by Mr. Froude with care as well as genius; and his notes, brief and unostentatious as they are, sufficiently attest the assiduity with which contemporary manuscripts have been examined. She is exhibited to us as she was: a woman not naturally or disinterestedly cruel; but with that peculiar mental and moral constitution which seems capable of being saturated with the spirit of Roman superstition. What she became she was made by pope, cardinal, and priests. There is a mixture of irony, pity, and indignation in the delineation of the middle-aged devotee, chanting *Veni Creator* before the Host for a young and royal husband; tricking out her wan face to catch his fancy; waiting for the loiterer with hysterical longing; then protruding her lean and ghastly figure to make peers, Parliament, and people sensible of the hope with which she was pregnant; and finally, her love withered by Philip's profligacy, and her proud expectation of royal and Catholic issue changed into the sober certainty of disease and sterility, waiting for death, not without patience and firmness. Two sermons were preached at her obsequies, one by White, Bishop of Winchester, the other by Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster. White, who had a florid style, and whom Camden admits to have been a "tolerable poet," chose the curious text, "A living dog is better than a dead lion." It was drily remarked, that "one not present at the place might easily tell whom he made the lion and whom the dog." Yet, while "he strewed all the flowers of his rhetoric on Queen Mary deceased, leaving not so much as the stalks to scatter on her surviving sister," it must be admitted that some of the flowers were not wholly undeserved. "Take Queen Mary in herself," writes Fuller, "abstracted from her opinions, and secluded from her bloody counsellors, and her memory will justly come under commendation. Indeed, she knew

not the art of being popular, and never cared to learn it; and generally (being given more to her beads than her book) had less of learning (or parts to get it) than any of her father's children. She hated to equivocate in her own religion; and always was what she was, without dissembling her judgment or practice for fear or flattery; little beloved of her subjects, to whom though once she remitted an entire subsidy, yet it little moved their affections; because, though liberal in this act, she had been unjust in another—her breach of promise to the gentry of Norfolk and Suffolk. However, she had been a worthy princess, had as little cruelty been done under her as was done by her. Her devotion always commended her profit, and oftentimes did fill the church with the emptying of her own exchequer." We will only add another personal touch from Fuller: "Queen Mary's person was no gainer (scarce a saver) of affection, having her father's features,—a face broad and big, with her mother's color—a somewhat swarthy complexion." We may now hang up Mr. Froude's portrait beside that of the quaint old historian.

"No English sovereign ever ascended the throne with larger popularity than Mary Tudor. The country was eager to atone to her for her mother's injuries, and the instinctive loyalty of the English towards their natural sovereign was enhanced by the abortive efforts of Northumberland to rob her of her inheritance. She had reigned little more than five years, and she descended into the grave amidst curses deeper than the acclamations which welcomed her accession. In that brief time she had swathed her name in that horrid epithet which will cling to it forever; and yet from the passions which generally tempt sovereigns into crime she was entirely free; to the time of her accession she had lived a blameless, and in many respects, a noble, life, and few men or women have lived less capable of doing knowingly a wrong thing. Philip's conduct, which could not extinguish her passion for him, and the collapse of the inflated imaginations which had surrounded her supposed pregnancy, it can hardly be doubted, affected her sanity. Those forlorn hours, when she would sit on the ground with her knees drawn to her face; those restless days and nights when like a ghost she would wander about the palace, rousing herself only to write tear-blotted letters to her husband; those bursts of fury over the

libels dropped in her way, or the marchings in procession behind the Host in the London streets,—these are all symptoms of hysterical derangement, and leave little room, as we think of her, for other feelings than pity. But if Mary was insane, the madness was of a kind which placed her absolutely under her spiritual directors; and the responsibility for her cruelties, if responsibility be any thing but a name, rests first with Gardiner, who commenced them; and secondly, and in a higher degree, with Reginald Pole. The revenge of the clergy for their past humiliations, and the too natural tendency of an oppressed party to abuse suddenly recovered power, combined to originate the Marian persecution. The rebellions and massacres, the political scandals, the universal suffering throughout the country during Edward's minority, had created a general bitterness in all classes against the Reformers; the Catholics could appeal with justice to the apparent consequences of heretical opinions; and when the Reforming preachers themselves denounced so loudly the irreligion which had attended their success, there was little wonder that the world took them at their word, and was ready to permit the use of strong, suppressive measures to keep down the unruly tendencies of uncontrolled fanatics.

"But neither these, nor any other feeling of English growth, would have produced the scenes which have stamped this unhappy reign with a character so frightful. Archbishop Parker, who knew Pole and Pole's doings well, called him *Carnifex et flagellum ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*—the hangman, and the scourge of the Church of England. His character was irreproachable; in all the virtues of the Catholic Church he walked without spot or stain, and the system to which he had surrendered himself had left to him of the common selfishness of mankind his enormous vanity alone. But that system had extinguished also in him the human instincts—the genial emotions by which theological theories stand especially in need to be corrected. He belonged to a class of persons at all times numerous, in whom enthusiasm takes the place of understanding; who are men of an idea, and unable to accept human things as they are, are passionate loyalists, passionate churchmen, passionate revolutionists, as the accidents of their age may determine. Happily for the welfare of mankind, persons so constituted rarely arrive at power; should power come to them, they use it as Pole used it, to defeat the ends which are nearest to their hearts.

"The teachers who finally converted the English nation to Protestantism were not

the declaimers from the pulpit, nor the voluminous controversialists with the pen. These, indeed, could produce arguments which, to those who were already convinced, seemed as if they ought to produce conviction, but conviction did not follow till the fruits of the doctrine bore witness to the spirit from which it came. The evangelical teachers, caring only to be allowed to develop their own opinions, and persecute their opponents, had walked hand in hand with men who had spared neither tomb nor altar; who had stripped the lead from the church roofs, and stolen the bells from the church towers; and between them they had so outraged such plain, honest minds as remained in England, that had Mary been content with mild repression, had she left the pope to those who loved him, and had married, instead of Philip, some English lord, the Mass would have retained its place, the clergy in moderate form would have resumed their old authority, and the Reformation would have waited for a century. In an evil hour, the queen listened to the unwise advisers who told her that moderation in religion was the sin of the Laodiceans; and while the fanatics, who had brought scandal on the reforming cause, either truckled like Shaxton, or stole abroad to wrangle over surplises and forms of prayers, the true and the good atoned with their lives for the crimes of others, and vindicated a noble cause by nobly dying for it; and while among the reformers, that which was most bright and excellent shone out with a preternatural lustre, so were the Catholics permitted to exhibit also the preternatural features of the creed which was expiring. Although Pole and Mary could have laid their hands on earl and baron, knight and gentleman, whose heresy was notorious, although in the queen's own guard there were many who never listened to a Mass, they durst not strike where there was danger that they would be struck in return. They went out into the highways and hedges, they gathered up the lame, the halt, and the blind; they took the weaver from his loom, the carpenter from his workshop, the husbandman from his plough; they laid hands on maidens and boys, who had never heard of any other religion than that which they were called on to abjure, old men tottering into the grave, and children whose lips could but just lisp the articles of their creed, and of these they made their burnt-offerings, with these they crowded their prisons; and when filth and famine killed them, they flung them out to rot. How long England would have endured the repetition of the horrid spectacles is hard to say. The persecution lasted three years; and in that time something

less than three hundred persons were burnt at the stake.

"By imprisonment," said Lord Burleigh, 'by torment, by famine, by fire, almost the number of four hundred were in their various ways, lamentably taken off.' Yet, as I have already said, interference was impossible, except by armed force. The country knew from the first, that by the course of nature the period of cruelty must be a brief one, it knew that a successful rebellion is at best a calamity; and the bravest and wisest men would not injure an illustrious cause by conduct less than worthy of it, so long as endurance was possible. They had saved Elizabeth's life and Elizabeth's rights, and Elizabeth, when the time came, would deliver her subjects. The Catholics, therefore, were permitted to continue their cruelties till the cup of iniquity was full, till they had taught the educated laity of England to regard them with horror, and until the Romanist superstition had died amidst the execrations of the people of its own excess."

But we should omit some leading features of this portion of the work, if we did not dwell for a moment upon Mr. Froude's representations of Pole and Cranmer.

Of Mr. Froude it may be said that he realizes Johnson's wish—he is emphatically, "a good hater." The intensity of his abhorrence of Pole is something almost personal. An enthusiastic Oxford logician, of some twenty years ago, is said to have been startled by some heresy upon the "predicables," into exclaiming, with warmth: "If I met that ass, Porphyry, upon a coach, I should tell him that he was an ass." Certainly Mr. Froude is never wearied of telling us that Pole is "an ass," and something worse. According to him, the papal legate is the stormy petrel of his own party, ever boding ruin and disgrace to the cause which he loved so passionately. He it was who fed the queen's hysterical desire for the Spanish match. He it was who, more than Gardiner or Bonner, was responsible for the Marian persecutions. We differ from Mr. Froude, with the submission which belongs to our inferior knowledge. Bishop Short, in his jejune but very accurate History of the Church of England, gives it as his opinion, that "it should never be forgotten that the side of reason and mercy found an advocate in Cardinal Pole." It is recorded by Burnett, in the third book of his History of the Reformation, that when Bonner, in 1557, condemned sixteen persons to be

burned, Pole obtained the pardon of two, the only pardon of the kind issued in that reign. A man's moderation may be inferred from the accusations of zealots of his own party. Pole lost the Papacy partly from the imputation of holding Lutheran views on the subject of justification; indeed, he is known to have sympathized with the Reformers rather than with the extreme opinions of such Romish divines as Osorius; and Haddon attributes to him a saying, little less noble than that of Cardinal Bellarmine, which has been quoted by Hooker: *Non potest viribus humanis nimium detrahi, nec addi Divinae gratia*. "Too much cannot be taken from human strength, nor too much attributed to Divine grace." It is, indeed, impossible to exonerate Pole from the guilt of the blood which was shed by Thornton, his suffragan, and Hapsfield, his archdeacon, in the city and neighborhood of Canterbury; but he seems to have contented himself with burning the bones of dead, rather than the corpses of living, heretics; and he was probably always actuated by a desire of wiping away the imputation of Lutheranism rather than by the genuine spirit of papal intolerance.

Into the mind and character of Cranmer, Mr. Froude enters with fine psychological insight. His summary of the motives which might probably have weakened Cranmer's resolution in the hour of need, reminds one of Lord Bacon's saying that among the chief *desiderata* for rewriting history is a complete collection of "characters." Cranmer has been coarsely branded by Protestant as well as Roman Catholic. To Lingard he is, of course, the weak and cowardly author of the "seven recantations," published after his death, with Bonner's approbation; the subtle heretic who went to the stake with a speech retracting his doctrine on the eucharist, if he were pardoned, while if he were condemned a section could be slipped in, to disappoint his adversaries of the sweetest portion of their triumph, and to furbish up his tarnished name among the adherents of the Reformation. Protestants generally have passed by the subject with a sigh—perhaps reluctantly confessing with Bishop Short "that his fall takes off from the whole of the glorious dignity of his martyrdom"—perhaps, as Lingard says, "defending his memory by maintaining that his

constancy at the stake, had atoned for his apostasy in the prison." Yet is it not better to say of him, as our good old historian of Jewel's prevarication, "The most orient Jewel on earth hath some flaws therein. To conceal this his fault had been partiality; to excuse it, flattery; to insult over him, cruelty; to pity him, charity; to be wary of ourselves, in the like occasion, Christian discretion"? All men are not physically brave; and every man, perhaps, who has adopted a creed different from that of his nursery and schoolroom, and alien to the medium in which his spirit has lived up to manhood, has had misgivings of the heart, even while his will was unshaken, and his intellect unclouded. Let us hear the eloquent historian.

"The exact day on which this letter reached the archbishop is uncertain, but it was very near the period of his sentence. He had dared death bravely while it was distant; but he was physically timid. The near approach of the agony which he had witnessed in others unnerved him; and in a moment of mental and moral prostration, Cranmer may well have looked in the mirror which Pole held up to him, and asked himself whether, after all, the being there described was his true image—whether it was himself as others saw him. A faith which had existed for centuries; a faith in which generation after generation have lived happy and virtuous lives; a faith in which all good men are agreed, and only the bad dispute; such a faith carries an evidence and a weight with it, beyond what can be looked for in a creed reasoned out by individuals; a creed which had the ban upon it of inherited execration, which had been held in abhorrence once by him who was now called upon to die for it. Only fools and fanatics believe that they cannot be mistaken. Sick misgivings may have taken hold upon him in moments of despondency, whether after all the millions who received the Roman supremacy might not be more right than the thousands who denied it; whether the argument on the Real Presence which had satisfied him for fifty years might not be better founded than his recent doubts. It is not possible for a man of gentle and modest nature to feel himself the object of intense detestation without uneasy pangs; and as such thoughts came and went, a window might seem to open, through which there was a return to life and freedom. His trial was not greater than hundreds had borne and would bear with constancy; but the temperaments of men are unequally constituted, and a subtle intellect and a sensi-

tive organization are not qualifications which make martyrdom easy. Life by the law of the Church, by justice, by precedent, was given to all who would accept it on terms of submission. That the archbishop should be tempted to recant, with the resolution formed notwithstanding that he should still suffer, whether he yielded or whether he was obstinate was a suspicion which his experience of the legate had not taught him to entertain. So it was that Cranmer's spirit gave way; and he who had disdained to fly, when flight was open to him, because he considered that having done the most in establishing the Reformation, he was bound to face the responsibility of it, fell at last under the protraction of the trial. So perished Cranmer. He was brought out with the eyes of his soul blinded, to make sport for his enemies; and in his death he brought upon them a wider destruction than he had effected by his teaching while alive. Pole was appointed the next day to the See of Canterbury. But the court had overreached themselves by their cruelty. Had they been contented to accept the recantation, they could have left the archbishop to die broken-hearted, pointed at by the finger of pitying scorn, and the Reformation would have been disgraced in its champion. They were tempted by an evil spirit of revenge into an act unsanctioned even by their own bloody laws, and they gave him an opportunity of redeeming his fame and of writing his name in the roll of martyrs. The worth of a man must be measured by his life, not by his failure under a single and peculiar trial."—Vol. vi. 413-416; 429, 430.

It is a very interesting suggestion of Mr. Froude, that one sentence of Cranmer's speech—"One word spoken by a man at his last end will be more remembered than the sermons made of them that live and remain"—was in Shakspeare's mind when he wrote these wonderful lines for the dying Gaunt—

"Oh! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent
in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their
words in pain.
More are men's ends marked than their lives
before;
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance more than things long
past."

There is yet another qualification which Mr. Froude possesses as the historian of the period which he has chosen. A poet re-

quires humor *negatively*, that is to say, in sufficient quantity to make him conscious when he is ridiculous. But the historian of England, under the Tudors, requires humor *positively*, to render him capable of entering into the character of the times and the people with full appreciation. This was, perhaps, partly owing to the religion which was then dominant. There is more carelessness and indolence, more of the outward tumultuous life, less introversion and concentrated thought, among Roman Catholics than Protestants. Ceremonies and festivals collect the people in throngs. The intense belief in the remission of sins, as dependent upon the priest's *absolve te*, prevents spiritual anxiety. Religious duty is not meditation upon a book, but the performance of certain functions. In all Roman Catholic countries, a light and jesting way of speaking of holy things is encouraged, which to us would seem very profane. This prevalent *humorousness* of the Tudor times was also, no doubt, in measure owing to the recklessness which constant exposure to danger engenders among a people so brave as the English. As a matter of fact, laughter and terror, the ridiculous and the sorrowful, are strangely intermingled in the chronicles of those days. Bright spray-drops of fun hang from the great mill-wheel of history. Acts of Parliament—witness that of Henry VII. on “sturdy and valiant beggars”—have a kind of grim playfulness. The Cardinal Legate must surely have been chuckling to himself when he uses the funny comparison, which we proceed to quote in his pastoral letter to the citizens of London, admonishing them to give back some part of the goods of the church, with which they had been indulged for a time: “It was left in your hand, as it were an apple in a child's hand given by the mother, which she, perceiving him to feed too much of, and knowing it should do him hurt if he himself should eat the whole, would have him give her a little piece thereof; which, the boy refusing, and whereas he would cry out if she would take it from him, letteth him alone therewith. But the father, her husband, coming in, if he shall see how the boy will not let go one morsel to the mother that hath given him the whole, she asking it with so fair means, he may, peradventure, take the apple out of the boy's hand, and, if

he cry beat him also, and cast the apple out of the window.” Nor is it only about gear and lands that those iron men can laugh. They can sport with the King of Terrors himself. The accusations which brought Ferrars, Bishop of St. David's, to the stake at Carmarthen, run riot with humor and bear witness to an inventiveness, which, in milder times, might have made a Thackeray or an Albert Smith. There is a richness in the picture of the right reverend prelate: “Espying a seal-fish tumbling in Milford Haven, and creeping down to the rocks by the water side, where he continued whistling by the space of an hour, persuading the company, that laughed fast at him, he made the fish to tarry there:”—which is only diminished when we remember the trifling fact that the object of this innocent joke was to burn a good man alive with insult and agony unutterable. We all remember how—

“More's gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.”

But the rarest specimen of all is connected with Wyatt's rising, and we record it more willingly as it is not to be found in Mr. Froude's narrative or notes. The scene is Sir Thomas Wyatt's residence at Allingham Castle, on the Medway. The time is January, 1554. The wild winds are whistling through the leafless woods, and the yellow river rolls on with a dull and leaden gleam. Inside the castle all is commotion: outside, wild hope, and wilder terror. A few days will decide whether the master of the castle, and many a gallant gentleman, shall lose his head by a traitor's death, or drive out Philip and popery from England. A few days, and every church bell from Tunbridge to Maidstone, and from Maidstone to Rochester, will be ringing out an alarm, over farm and grange, and London itself be in arms. In this state of affairs, while the fear of rebellion is ripe, and the first touch may make it drop into the lap of death, a royal herald, in his gorgeous coat, booted and spurred, gallops up to the deeply moated house. The drawbridge was up. But one part of the moat appeared to be fordable. Just beyond that spot walked a retainer in Wyatt's livery. The herald shouted to inquire whether the place afforded a safe passage, to which came a shout of “Yea, yea!” In went horse and

man, heavily accoutred as they were; the horse sank nearly up to the bridle. Had it not been for his prodigious strength, the magnificent animal would have been buried in the ooze, and his rider with him. Shivering with cold, his gilded and richly colored surcoat daubed with mud, his plume dragged with wet, the herald stood in the presence of Sir Thomas, and passionately complained of the danger and insult to which the queen's messenger had been exposed. Wyatt protested his innocence, and summoned his establishment together that the culprit might be discovered. The herald at once challenged the offender. "Alas!" said Sir Thomas, "he is a mere natural, as will appear, if you examine him." "Why, sirrah," asked the herald, "did you direct me to come over where it was hard to pass without drowning?" "The ducks came over not long before you," replied the fellow, "and their legs, I wot, were shorter than your horse's." Angry as the herald was, the joke was too racy of English soil at that time not to obtain pardon; he only smiled, and said, "Sir Thomas, hereafter let your fool wear the badge of his profession that he may deceive no more in this kind." The whole stern battlements of English history at this period are starred and dotted with rough flowers of this kind, peeping out between the loopholes behind which the armor gleams, and smiling in crannies under the scaffold and below the headsman's stroke. It is among Mr. Froude's subordinate, but real, claims to be a faithful exponent of the period, that he can recall the peculiar coloring of the lichens and wall-flowers as well as the massive framework of the building itself. The perusal of such sections as "Philip's Virtues," "The Wet Ride to Winchester," and "The Hot Gospeller," will prove that the praise which we accord is not beyond the truth.

We have now examined the chief accusations of Mr. Froude's severest critic, and given some analysis of the salient points in his recent volumes. On the whole, our conclusion must be, that while his narrative might be smoother, better joined, and more naturally continuous—and while his style is occasionally careless and redundant—these blemishes are more than atoned for by his peculiar capacity of hitting off the smallest lines of individual character; by his intense

moral earnestness; by the laborious accuracy, whose rough materials are fused into the white glow of his eloquence; by his power of sympathizing with various and apparently irreconcilable forms of opinion, and of throwing himself into the very spirit and effervescence of the age. That his tendencies are spiritual rather than material; that his modes of thought are those of the poet and ethical philosopher rather than of the political economist; that he is at the antipodes to Comte and the positive school must be admitted. But we are not sorry to escape from the icy, transcendental region of laws and abstractions into the warmer range, which is inhabited by men and women of like passions with ourselves. And the fact of belonging to the spiritual school of historians is surely no grave accusation against him who chronicles the era of the English Reformation—the spring-tide of England's intellectual and religious new birth; the battle-field of contending principles; the age of bold doers, bolder thinkers, and sufferers bolder again than either.

The great moral lesson which these volumes contain is, we think, of a semi-theological character. It is that which has been expressed by Wordsworth—

"High and low,
Watchwords of party on all tongues are rife;
As if a Church, though sprung from Heaven
must owe

To opposites and fierce extremes her life:
Not to the golden means and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife."

An appearance of rushing wildly into extremes, with a deep, powerful undercurrent running quietly against this apparent tendency, and gradually overbearing it and sucking it down, is one great lesson of church history in England. So was it at the Revolution and at the Restoration—so is it with the Evangelical and Church revivals—so is it now—so was it on the accession of Mary—so again at her death. One great characteristic of our Church—and her characteristic it must remain, if she is to represent the life of this great people—is the comprehensiveness of her toleration. When she was but a small sapling the word was carved upon her rind by the strong hands of Ridley and Cranmer, and the letters have grown and lengthened upon the bark of the majestic tree, beneath whose shadow the nation reposes. Can it be otherwise with a church

from w
to be e
the An
to sign
to say
exclud
taunte
ambig
in the
Trent,
some o
yet the
of wise
is base
two op
der an
the fo
petuat
latter,
ignor
Churc
influ
Reform
princip
Occasi
lision,

Virt
tion of
which
commo
and rat
for the
excell
from t
astonis
virtues
but sh
best w
that bo
drown
of que
the Sc
smellin
and wi

Sry
heart,
write
an evi
men w

from whose lay members no other test seems to be exacted than the apostles' creed; while the Articles which her ministers are required to sign are (whatever Mr. Froude may please to say) framed to embrace rather than to exclude. Sneered at as a "compromise," taunted with "the stammering lips of her ambiguous formularies," wanting, as she is, in the cast-iron precision of the dogmas of Trent, and in the dogmatic narrowness of some of the reformed communions, she has yet the modesty of truth and the moderation of wisdom. As the Constitution of England is based upon the harmonious interworking of two opposite principles, the principle of order and the principle of freedom—without the former of which there would be a perpetuation of antiquated abuses, without the latter, no bulwark against the mutations of ignorant caprice—so in the Established Church, we find two classes of men mainly influenced by one or the other. Since the Reformation the representatives of these two principles have existed within her bosom. Occasionally they have come into fierce collision; occasionally one or other has stepped

over the line of demarcation. The conciliation of these opposite tendencies may not appear to be going on now with a very accelerated pace; yet we may hope that practically impossible schemes of conciliation from without are soon to be exchanged for efforts after union within. Let men remember that the mountains must be of different outlines and of varying hues, but it is the one light of heaven which streams upon their uplifted brows.

A yet higher lesson, with which we conclude our notice, is eloquently taught. The Church could only be purified by her Lord's way of suffering. The iron bar, however massive, has a tendency to *crystallize* in severe frost, when it snaps and crumbles at a touch. Prosperity is the time of the Church's *crystallization*; but if the bar be removed, heated, and made incandescent in the furnace, it is restored to its original strength. So was the Church strengthened by her plunge into the fiery furnace of martyrdom. It is the highest merit of Mr. Froude's work that it shows us, walking among our faithful witnesses, a form like the Son of God.

VULGAR APPLAUSE.—"Praise is the reflection of virtue, but it is as the glass or body which giveth the reflection; if it be from the common people, it is commonly false and naught, and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous: for the common people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all; but shows and species virtutibus similes serve best with them. Certainly fame is like a river that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid; but if persons of quality and judgment concur, then it is (as the Scripture saith) a good name is like sweet smelling ointment; it filleth all round about, and will not easily away."—*Bacon*.

STYLE.—"A man with a clear head, a good heart, and an honest understanding, will always write well; it is owing either to a muddy head, an evil heart, or a sophisticated intellect, that men write badly, and sin either against reason,

or goodness, or sincerity. There may be secrets in painting, but there are none in style. When I have been asked the foolish question, what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style, my answer has been, that he should never think about it, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can, and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself."—*Southey*.

A correspondent of the *Courier* aptly quotes the following lines in speaking of Mr. Bouligny, the Union representative from Louisiana:—

"faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he,—
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind,
Though single."

From The Saturday Review.

LIFE OF MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON. *

WE little thought, when a recent discussion in these pages on the moral philosophy of love-making was printed, that we should so soon have an opportunity of studying a case in point, and of discovering that after all it was quite possible to reconcile the mundane and the supersensual views both of the theory and practice of erotics. We now find out that the misletoe bough and "the plain Christian" are by no means so incongruous as might be supposed. We have before us what, in these days, is called a life-history which shows that it is possible for a young woman to be of the most gushing and susceptible nature, pecking at the waxy berries of the pleasant parasite which rains kisses, and at the same time quite ready, "when a Christian gentleman offers her his heart and home," to whisk off with him from New York to India, though he is fifty-seven, and a strict Baptist minister, who has already buried two wives. What we said was that eclecticism was the right thing; and as principles are best tested by extreme cases, the argument is a good one which is supported by the practical example of Mrs. Emily C. Judson. If we wanted a single sentence in which to describe the fair Emily's character, it would be afforded in the couplet in which Pope gives the last touch to his Narcissa:—

"A very heathen in her carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart."

Miss Emily Chubbuck, subsequently the third wife of Dr. Judson, who attained a considerable name as a Baptist missionary in Burmah, was the daughter of poor cottagers, and born in 1817, at Eaton, in the State of New York. The record of her early life is extremely interesting, not only as displaying the energy of a seriously active mind—a sort of Americanized Charlotte Brontë,—but as illustrating the strange character of American institutions. If we could fancy Currer Bell divested of nine-tenths of her intellect, and glazed over with a superficial vanity and sentimentalism, we should understand what Fanny Forester (the literary name of Miss Emily Chubbuck) was like.

* *The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson.* By A. C. Kendrick, Professor of Greek literature in the University of Rochester, United States. London: Nelson and Sons. 1861.

Fanny Forester, however, was only the butterfly stage of Mrs. Judson. It was at the ripe age of seventeen that she emerged from the chrysalis of Emily Chubbuck into this alliterative soubriquet. The poor child's earlier history is very curious. Before she had completed her fifteenth year she had been a factory girl and a farm help. At the age of thirteen she asked the prayers of all the meetings for her conversion, although she believed that "she had acquired a hope in Christ when she was eight years old;" and then she took "lessons in rhetoric and natural philosophy of Miss L. W. F.," "who introduced her to the study of Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, and Tom Paine." She became mistress of four several schools, which, as might have been expected, she shut up in succession,—was dipped, and acted as teacher or mistress in seven other schools,—"scattered abroad many gems of beautiful thought," that is to say, wrote about three hundred weight of nonsense verses,—and in her twenty-third year was admitted as a sort of pupil teacher in a tremendous "educational establishment," the Utica Female Seminary, of which Miss Urania Sheldon was the principal, Miss Cynthia having charge of the "executive and financial departments," which we suppose is the American for mending the stockings and making out the bills. In this temple of the Muses, Emily was at last at home; and it is the counterpart to Miss Brontë's Belgian domicile. Here, chiefly for the sake of getting new clothes (for she taught for her board), Miss Chubbuck began to write children's books, most of which seem to have been failures, and of which a considerable stock, in the shape of unsalable MS., of prose and verse, remained on hand. An accidental visit to New York, in 1843, fired the train of fame. The sight of certain smart bonnets and pretty gowns in Broadway so inspired the sacred flame of acquisitiveness and authorship, that the fair Emily offered herself—that is, her literary self—for sale to Mr. N. P. Willis, editor of the *Mirror*, in the following letter, which is too good to be lost, for it is not often that one gets a specimen of what the Greek professor who is Miss Chubbuck's biographer is pleased to call "the wantoning of this naïve and unsophisticated child of nature

in the creations of a genius that was just revealing itself to her virgin consciousness:—

"To the Editor, etc.,—You know the shops in Broadway are very tempting this spring. Such beautiful things! Well, you know (no, you don't know that, but you can guess) what a delightful thing it would be to appear in one of those charming, head-adorning, complexion-softening, hard-feature-subduing neapolitans; with a little gossamer veil dropping daintily on the shoulder of one of those exquisite *balzarines*, to be seen any day at Stewart's and elsewhere. Well, you know (this you *must* know) that shopkeepers have the impertinence to demand a trifling exchange for these things, even of a lady; and also that some people have a remarkably small purse, and a remarkably small portion of the yellow 'root' in that. And now, to bring the matter home, I am one of that class. I have the most beautiful little purse in the world, but it is only kept for show: I even find myself under the necessity of counterfeiting—that is, filling the void with tissue-paper in lieu of bank-notes, preparatory to a shopping expedition.

"Well, now to the point. As Bel and I snuggled down on the sofa this morning to read the *New Mirror* (by the way, Cousin Bel is never obliged to put tissue-paper in her purse), it struck us that you would be a friend in need and give good counsel in this emergency. Bel, however, insisted on my not telling what I wanted the money for. She even thought that I had better intimate orphanage, extreme suffering from the bursting of some speculative bubble, illness, etc., etc.; but did not I know you better? Have I read the *New Mirror* so much (to say nothing of the graceful things coined 'under a bridge,' and a thousand other pages flung from the inner heart), and not learned who has an eye for every thing pretty? Not so stupid, Cousin Bel; no, no!

"However, this is not quite the point, after all; but here it is. I have a pen—not a gold one, I don't think I could write with that, but a nice, little, feather-tipped pen, that rests in the curve of my finger as contentedly as in its former pillow of down. (Shocking! how that line did run down hill! and this almost as crooked! dear me!) Then I have little messengers racing 'like mad' through the galleries of my head, spinning long yarns, and weaving fabrics rich and soft as the balzarine which I so much covet, until I shut my eyes and stop my ears, and whisk away, with the 'wonderful lamp' safely hidden in my own brown braids. Then I have Dr. Johnson's Dictionary—capital London edition, etc., etc.; and after I use up

all the words in that, I will supply myself with Webster's wondrous quarto, appendix and all. Thus prepared, think you not I should be able to put something in the shops of the literary caterers? something that, for once in my life, would give me a real errand into Broadway? Maybe you of the *New Mirror* PAY for acceptable articles—maybe not. *Comprenez-vous?*

"Oh, I do hope that beautiful balzarine like Bel's will not be gone before another Saturday! You will not forget to answer me in the next *Mirror*; but pray, my dear editor, let it be done very cautiously, for Bel would pout all day if she should know what I have written. Till Saturday,

"Your anxiously waiting friend,

"FANNY FORESTER."

To which Mr. N. P. Willis, Editor, etc., gallantly replies:—

"Well, we give in! On *condition* that you are under twenty-five, and that you will wear a rose (recognizably) in your bodice the first time you appear in Broadway with the hat and balzarine, we will pay the bills. Write us thereafter a sketch of Bel and yourself, as cleverly done as this letter, and you may 'snuggle down' on the sofa, and consider us paid, and the public charmed with you."

The progress of this literary amour illustrates Mr. N. P. Willis' tact and discrimination. He accepted the playful frolic of the pretty kitten, but declined to pay for her frisking. The fair Fanny was to be made famous, but only by Mr. Willis' praise. The coin that was current in the *Mirror* was only flattery. However, the arrangement was successful. Fanny Forester became famous, as fame goes in New York, and was, in the judgment of literary America, bracketed with Mr. Willis' sister, whom he had contrived to puff into some sort of similar notoriety as Fanny Fern.

From the few specimens of Miss Chubbuck's genius which are furnished in this volume, we should say that Fanny Forester was a silly, flippant, empty-headed person, of the calibre of the Della Crusca celebrities who were put down by Gifford in the beginning of the century. In much the same way Mr. Willis goes on "glorifying his new-found star," till Fanny gets all sorts of "literary engagements" at piece work, which enable her to indulge in all sorts of bonnets. Meanwhile, though, as we are assured, the editor and contributor had not at present met, the literary flirtation between the two goes on till the following enigmatical passage occurs

in the correspondence. It is from the gentleman editor:—

"I am writing while 'proofs' are coming—interruptedly and carelessly, of course. I was pleased and displeased at ——'s changing her opinion of me—displeased at the suspicion that my *inner-self* had ever committed its purity to the world, or had ever been on trial in a pure mind. My dear friend, you know, though you have never perilled your *outer* mind by laying it open to all comers, that there is an inner sanctuary of God's lighting which brightens as the world is shut out, and which would never suffer profanation. It is in this chamber of my better nature that you are thought of—but I have no time to explain.

"The pain that you are suffering from the *exposure of fame* is a chrysalis of thought. You will be brighter for it, though the accustomed shroud of seclusion comes off painfully."

For eighteen months "the chrysalis of thought was shedding its shroud;" or, in the language of common sense, Miss Emily Chubbuck was writing innumerable trashy articles in all sorts of trashy magazines and newspapers, which brought in a few hundred dollars. A selection of her writings was at last published under the fantastic title of *Trippings in Authorland*. At this time, to use the sonorous language of her biographer, "The glittering bow of promise, fame, arched the heaven of our literary neophyte." We are told that "in little more than one short year, Fanny Forester achieved a permanent shining-place in the clustering firmament of genius." But in what we have seen of them, we see very little indeed of the strict Baptist. Even her admirers admit that in her literary culmination "never had heaven receded into so dim a distance, and the powers of the world to come held so feeble possession of her soul." It was at this period that she at last made the personal acquaintance of her friend and patron, Mr. N. P. Willis, who at the moment became a widower. To the disconsolate and bereaved one the fair Fanny, now twenty-eight years of age, addressed a letter, which unfortunately is not extant, but whatever its hints might have been, it was replied to in the following choice epistle:—

"You ask me whether you shall marry for convenience. Most decidedly, no. What convenience would pay you for passing

eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, for the rest of your life, within four walls, in company with a person not to your taste? I judge of you by myself. I would not pass one year thus for any fortune on earth. The private hours of one single month are too precious for any price but love. Think how little of the day poverty can touch, after all. Only the hours when you are out of your chamber. But the moment your chamber door is shut on you alone, all comparison between you and the richest is at an end. Let the majority of women marry for convenience if they will; but *you* are brimful of romance and delicacy and tenderness; and a marriage without love for you would be sealing up a volcano with a cobweb. You must love—you *must* and *will* love passionately and overpoweringly. You have as yet turned but one leaf in a volume of your heart's life. Your bosom is an altar on which there is a fire newly lit—lit by the late and sudden awakening of your genius. Your peculiarity is that your genius has its altar on your heart, and not like other people's in the brain. Take care how you throw away the entire music and beauty of a life for only a home that will grow hateful to you. I warn you that you *must* love sooner or later."

From this we gather that Fanny Forester had no particular objection to change her name, though it does not appear that Mr. Willis was disposed to assist on the occasion. But the hour and the man were approaching. "Providence had in store for her a different destiny." The distinguished author of *Pencilings by the Way* and the lovely authoress of *Trippings in Authorland* were not to come together in closer bonds than those of literary flirtation and epistolary coquetry. The plain Christian was "at hand in the person of the Rev. Dr. Judson," "a veteran hero of the Cross," who "had been obliged to leave India by the alarming illness of his wife—the lovely widow of the sainted Missionary Boardman." She died upon the passage; and after an absence of twenty-four years, the great Baptist missionary trod his native shores. Besides his duties to the Church, the Rev. Doctor had not been backward in cultivating the social and domestic relations. The lovely widow of the sainted Boardman had been the second matrimonial adventure of the hero of the Cross; but though fifty-seven, he was not yet converted to Dr. Primrose's views of monogamy. A slight railroad accident

detained the reverend divine at a station where Fanny Forester's *Trippings* fell in his way. "The book is written with great beauty and power. Is the authoress a Baptist? I should like to know her." "Promptly, on the next day, he came over to Mr. J.'s. Emily was submitting to the not very poetical process of vaccination. As soon as it was over, Dr. Judson conducted her to the sofa, saying that he wished to talk with her. He discussed the *Trippings*. He wished to meet with a person to write the memoir of his departed wife. He named the subject to Emily. The consequences of the coming together of two persons respectively so fascinating were what has often occurred since the days of Adam and Eve."

Here we pause, and beg leave to suggest a doubt whether, since the days of Adam and Eve, any elderly widower of fifty-seven ever did engage a female to write the memoir of his second wife, and make her an offer on the spot. We quite agree with the hero of the Cross, "who finds in it a combination of circumstances which clearly mark supernatural agency." The "notion of her not only writing the life, but taking the place of the sainted deceased," no sooner presented itself to his "impassioned character," than he pressed the subject "with all the energy of his nature." The place of the lovely widow of the sainted Boardman must be filled up. Like the king of France, Mrs. Judson never dies. "It was not," as we are fondly told, "in Emily's nature to resist the force of such arguments from such a pleader, falling from lips wet with Castalian dews that descend upon the mountains of Zion"—a mixture which we are glad to hear of, because we should have suspected the influence of other spirits and water in such a case. The plain Christian had come, and Miss Emily Chubbuck, *alias* Fanny Forester, felt it to be her duty to accept this ardent suitor. The world laughed; the literary world of New York scoffed; and the religious world of Boston stood aghast. Here is the form in which the "plain Christian" makes his offer. Mrs. Judson's biographer says, "that it is half like a sacrifice to lift the veil upon a thing so sacred as a marriage proposal," and most people would agree with him; but when he goes on to remark, that "this interweaves so ingenious and graceful a memorial of his former wives, and illustrates so admirably the delicate playfulness of Dr. Judson's character," we accept his reason, though we own that we could not quite forget a somewhat similar

marriage present made by Bluebeard to his succession of spouses:—

"I hand you, dearest one, a charmed watch. It always comes back to me, and brings its wearer with it. I gave it to Ann, when an hemisphere divided us, and it brought her safely and surely to my arms. I gave it to Sarah during her husband's lifetime (not then aware of the secret), and the charm, though slow in its operation was true at last.

"Were it not for the sweet sympathies you have kindly extended to me, and the blessed understanding that 'love has taught us to guess at,' I should not venture to pray you to accept my present with such an note. Should you cease to 'guess,' and toss back the article, saying, 'Your watch has lost its charm; it comes back to you, but brings not its wearer with it'—oh, first dash it to pieces, that it may be an emblem of what will remain of the heart of

"Your devoted, A. JUDSON."

We must say, that if a plain Christian always comes in this epigrammatic form, he comes in a very nice way; though it is very odd that Dr. Judson made "Sarah" an offer during her husband's lifetime. One of two things must be certain—either that it is the custom of Baptist missionaries to make love to their brother missionaries' wives, or, as seems to have been the case with Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, that they sometimes keep their marriage secret. Is this the case—and was it done for the sake of the scriptural example, Dr. Judson playing Abimelech to Mr. Boardman's Abraham? To turn to the plain Christian's offer of his heart and hand. We much doubt whether, in the way of a love-letter, an old boy of fifty-seven does not beat the conceited puppies of twenty-five. At any rate, amongst all the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* which missionaries have ever published, Dr. Judson's are not the least amusing. The couple were married; Fanny Forester became Emily Judson; and the surprise was, that "he who had been the husband of Ann Stephenson and Sarah Boardman should take as the successor to that sainted pair" a young woman figuring only as a magazine-writer, of very doubtful religious principles, and of no social position. All that we can say is, that when a plain Christian comes with lips rendered humid by the remarkable half-and-half in which Dr. Judson indulged, literary ladies must surrender at discretion or indiscretion. It is enough to add that Emily survived the husband of three wives, and has had her own "life-story" written by a Greek professor.

THE WORLD'S LAST HOPE.

'Tis gone! the glorious dream is past,
 The work by sages wrought undone,
 The brightest trophy, and the last,
 In Freedom's cause, by patriot's won.
 In vain have warriors toiled and bled,
 And statesmen schemed the work to rear;
 In vain the counsels of the dead,
 Their country has no ear to hear.
 Beneath their rule unceasingly
 The forest fell, the valley glowed
 With golden sheaves—from sea to sea
 The land with milk and honey flowed.
 Peace reigned supreme—on every hand
 The miracles of art were wrought,
 And countless sails from every strand,
 The hourly gifts of commerce brought.
 Secure abroad, at home, around,
 With naught their growing strength to mar,
 Like exhalations from the ground,
 State rose on State, and star on star.
 'Tis lost! On Europe's troubled shore,
 With arms outstretched and eager eyes,
 The wronged and helpless watch no more
 The light of hope in western skies.
 The despot, with his marshalled host,
 Exults and points with scornful cry,
 Where hopelessly the pride and boast
 Of Freedom's cause in fragments lie.
 'Tis gone! but curst the lips that spoke
 The baleful words of hate and strife,
 The selfish aims and acts that broke
 The mystic tie—a nation's life.
 Hard as their granite hills, and cold
 Their hearts, as icy pools that feed
 Their thirst for gain, and only bold
 When onward urged by endless greed.
 The vampires of the State that steal
 Its blood—the teachers that alone
 The pricks and stings of conscience feel
 For others—easy with their own.
 Prompt to parade, in speech and song,
 Their claims to truth and warlike feat—
 Their truth, a creed of crime and wrong,
 Their boasted battle, a defeat.*
 Accursed! Yes—in States unborn,
 The specious plea of falsehood vain,
 The millions with indignant scorn,
 Shall brand them with the mark of Cain.
 They talk of arms!—their open hate
 For treacherous love we gladly hear,
 The threatened war we calmly wait—
 Their friendship is the foe we fear.

—*Charleston Courier.*

* The Puritan creed and practice bore no nearer relation to Christian love and charity than the battle of Bunker Hill to a great victory.

JACK'S VALENTINE.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'DRIEN.

Ah! Maggie, would that I could send
 To you some sweet and tender line,
 To tell you that your sailor lad
 Still claims you for his valentine.
 But all around is lonesome sea;
 The unseen fingers of the wind
 Clutch at the ropes and tear the sails
 And heap the billowy hills behind.
 Yet watching on the dismal deck,
 Through midnight hours so drear and black,
 My heart still sings its valentine,
 But who will bear the message back?
 Clouds scudding by the watery moon,
 Go bless her cottage from above,
 And shed from high in mystic dew
 This lonely utterance of my love!
 And you, dark ocean, myriad-tongued,
 Wave following wave with ceaseless beat,
 Seek you the beach she walks at eve,
 And lay my message at her feet.
 Fly, white-winged sea-bird, following fast,
 That dips around our foamy wake,
 Go nestle in her virgin breast,
 And kiss her pure lips for my sake!
 Winds howling through the shapeless night,
 Unkennelled hounds that hunt the sea,
 Hush your hoarse voices to a song,
 And sing the love that lives in me.
 Tell her, ye all through midnight dark,
 In heat and cold, through storm or shine,
 The sun-burned, honest sailor lad
 Still thinks about his valentine.

—*Knickerbocker.*

NOW, AND THEN.

BIRDS are singing on bush and tree,
 Singing a thousand loves and joys;
 Once, it was music sweet to me,
 Now, it seemeth only noise.
 Ah! life's music fled with him!
 Roses are blooming—once they were
 Fairest of wonders that Nature weaves;
 Now, their perfume makes faint the air,
 And, to me, they are just—red leaves.
 Ah! life's beauty faded with him!
 Daylight dies, and the stars arise,
 Not as of old with hope-giving light;
 Then, they looked loving, like human eyes,
 Now, they are pitiless, cold, and bright.
 Ah! the brightest star has set!

ANNA HAGEDON.

—*Once a Week.*